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A SUMMER DAY.

BY W. W. LONG.

This summer day is bright and fair,
Cloud ships are sailing through the air,
And life and bloom are everywhere.

A bird in yonder coppice sings
To mate on nest with folded wings,
And music in each soft note sings.

Low winds come softly through the trees,
With orders from the flowing leas,
Where in and out dart golden bees.

Oh, summer day, so very sweet,
You bring me thoughts of love complete
That soon I'll find at my love's feet.

HIS ONLY GIFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER I.

THE Hall stood in an opening among the trees, much farther up the valley than the low old farm, where I—a very lonely lad in those old days—lived and worked under Uncle Joshua's iron rule; and only from the gate of the hill orchard could we see the wide gray house and the smooth emerald lawn before it.

Even from there it always looked very far away, I thought—quite as if it belonged to a different world. Indeed I liked to fancy that it belonged to a different world from mine, and that no sorrow and no unrest could enter it.

And it sometimes did me good to stand there beside the gate, and look at it, though I knew Uncle Joshua would have called this a childish fancy. Yet I remember that it never made me idle over the tasks he gave me, or impatient over his hard and moody silence or reproofs; and, as I said, I think those few quiet minutes, now and then—while I dreamed over the peace and joy and refinement of this beautiful home (of which, beyond its soft gray walls, I knew almost as little as I knew of the blue sky above me), and while I forgot the loneliness and want of love and pleasure in my own home—did me no harm.

I used to love the picture best by moonlight, but of course I could see it very seldom so. Oh, the great peace that lay upon it then, while I could fancy Miss Mary gliding noiselessly about the quiet rooms, or standing by the mullioned windows, singing softly in the deep gladness of her heart! But was there a time when I could not picture her? When the sunset light burned on the windows, I saw her sitting at the organ, the notes of which I had sometimes heard, dressed in white, and looking like the angels my mother used to tell me of. And, when I could pause beside the orchard gate on winter evenings, and see the firelight shining from the windows out into the night, like the great warm generous heart of the old Hall, in a hundred different attitudes I could picture Miss Mary then, flitting about the lighted rooms in dazzling robes like a Fairy Princess, reading in the fireside glow with her head bent above most wonderful pictures, or dancing in a scene of sweet unreal enchantment.

But—ah, yes, it might have grown into an idle and unboyish habit, as Uncle Joshua said it was! Uncle Joshua had in charity given the orphan lad a home, and it was but natural that in return he should expect the lad's whole time in service. So I had always answered the question of my life, trying to leave every wider question undiscussed, in my reticent, dogged way. So I tried very hard to leave this habit off. It was slow work though, and I never quite succeeded until that day when Miss Mary herself surprised me there—that first really happy day of all my boyhood.

I was standing in my old attitude, looking along the valley to where the great gray house caught all the sunshine; and in a moody, tired way I was comparing the life within it (framed in wealth and ease and luxury) with my daily existence here at the farm, where Uncle Joshua and I worked against a gloomy background of silence and labor, and where every day was darkened for me by my own consciousness of ignorance. I had been that morning chafing more than ever against the life I led, and wondering if the lads I knew, who had mothers and sisters, could ever feel as I did, when suddenly she came up across the meadow to that very gate where I leaned in my discontent, and my eyes were so fixed upon the house of which I loved to dream that I never heard or saw her till she was close upon me. Then——

But never since—not even in the evening before that very day was dead—could I recall it all exactly as it must have happened—this first step of mine into a new life where that unacknowledged weight of ignorance and self-mistrust were to be taken from me.

She had come across the meadows, she said, fancying that, by trespassing a little, she could strike into the park eventually by a new way. And I—my cheeks flushing like a girl's while she spoke to me—opened the orchard gate, and asked her, with my hat in my hand, if I might go with her, because, along the nearest way of all, there were palings to climb.

She smiled a little as she looked down upon the farm lad; and I, too proud of winning that smile to care what could have called it forth, stood waiting for her permission to guide her—waiting very anxiously, as she could surely see. For a moment she hesitated, looking round her as if she wished that she could find her way alone; then, with another glance into my face, she seemed suddenly and quite willingly to make up her mind.

"If you can spare the time," she said, with that smile which for years from that day was to be to me the most beautiful thing the world contained, "I would like you to come. We need not hurry, and you shall take me—not the very nearest way of all where there are palings to climb."

I don't know how it happened. It was by some kind and clever way of her own, and in her gentle sympathy, that she found out how the young farm lad, who walked so shyly beside her, was longing for something that should make life more to him than a mechanical and spiritless round of toil—a soulless round. I never said so to her, Heaven knows, but I felt it so, many and many a time—a soulless round, only of hunger earned and hunger satisfied.

And, when she had learned of this want, she was not vexed, but even led me on to talk, until the reticent old fashioned lad had let her see the longing which he himself did not even comprehend.

And—I cannot tell what she said in that first bright hour of my life, but from that day she taught me herself, and her great kindness and her sympathy satisfied the craving that I never before had understood. And, when she knew of those vague unreal castles the solitary-natured lad loved to build, she never laughed nor rebuked him, but gave him deeper thoughts for their foundation, and led him on, by slow firm steps, to choose and hold the highest and the best of all.

How differently the days sped for me now! Though my hours of labor on the farm were not shortened, yet they were all different, brightened by the memory of her lessons, lightened by the anticipation of the next, gilded by one certain lesson she had taught me from the first, wider and brighter and higher than all the others.

I never questioned with myself why she could take this trouble with me, because I instinctively knew then (as I know now) that it was her nature to be kind and brave and helpful to all.

I was constantly now supplied with books, chosen for me by Miss Mary herself (the Squire's daughter was always called Miss Mary among us, I suppose because there had been an elder sister who died), and in these I revelled to my heart's content. All the more eagerly—ah, and so much the more happily!—I studied them, because I knew Miss Mary would talk of them with me afterwards, and so soften both my thoughts and judgments with the bright thoughts and gentle judgments of her woman nature. Patiently and pleasantly always she brought her knowledge to the level of my understanding, and so somehow I never felt awkward or ignorant with her.

For two whole years I had led this new and happy life, broken only by Miss Mary's absence from the Hall, when one day she told me, in the light way she always mentioned her own great kindness, that I had gone so far beyond my teacher that she should lose all her credit unless she got help, and therefore that she had won our curate's consent for me to read with him every night for an hour.

At first—grateful as I was to Miss Mary for this kind thought—my heart fell, because I thought it would be so different when I could not feel that the books I read so hungrily had been chosen for me by Miss Mary herself; but I soon found that she was still helping me, though she had so thoughtfully won me a step she could not give. Long afterwards I knew that she had paid our curate generously for those lessons for me, but I did not guess of that then. I suppose I believed that to him, as to me, it would be pleasure enough to do anything at Miss Mary's bidding.

It was just one year afterwards that a rumor reached us at the farm (no news or rumors reached Uncle Joshua and me until they were old elsewhere) that at Christmas time Miss Mary would be married to Major Western, a gentleman who was very often staying at the Hall.

The news at first came like a blow to me; then I discredited it, for Major Western, handsome as he was, never seemed to me to be near enough to Miss Mary for this thought to come to me. But afterwards I knew how blind I had been, for now I seemed to see a hundred proofs of Miss Mary's love for him: and, though of course I—a lad of fifteen—could not understand this love, never having witnessed it before, it had a strange effect upon me, especially perhaps as I never could like Major Western. Though he always spoke to me even as if he took an interest in me, when I and he were in Miss Mary's presence together, I knew he did it only to win her favor: and I missed the sympathy which she herself had unconsciously taught me to distinguish.

He had left the army, and was reported to be very rich; yet there was a report too that the Squire did not willingly give his consent to Miss Mary's marriage. But I only wondered was there any one in the world to whom the Squire could willingly give his only child.

So time went on, and now the sight of Major Western's appropriation of Miss Mary, and her thoughtful love for him—the love always trustful, always unsuspicious—hurt me in a strange acute way; while I let my old selfishness creep around me once again, and even went back to my moody dreaming, picturing her happiness among her guests at the Hall, while I felt as isolated in the lonely farm as if the sea had rolled between the houses.

Yet, on the very day before her marriage, Miss Mary rode down to the farm, without any of her guests and friends—without even Major Western—just to bid me good bye. It ought to have brightened my own heavy eyes to see how bright hers were; yet I knew I met her with such a worn and gloomy face that I quite well understood what she meant when she laid her gentle hand upon my shoulder and bade me leave off studying late at night.

"I shall never care to study now, Miss Mary," I said, not even able to look up into her face, as I stood beside her horse.

"Remember, John," she said, putting aside her own happy thought, as she walked with me to the house, "what pleasure, in the years to come, this study will prepare for you. And what a noble life yours may be, if you are still earnest in your efforts to make it so!"

She stayed with me a long time that morning, in spite of all the guests and gaiety at the Hall; and I think even to this day I remember all she said, and can in fancy see her sitting there in the old deep window seat, with the winter sunshine on her hair, talking to me of our lessons together, of the books we had read, and then—ah, so earnestly and with such trust in me!—of what she felt my life would be.

Thank Heaven that I dare recall every one of her dear words!

"Miss Mary," I said, when we had gone out to the gate again, and I was looking wistfully over to the woods that hid the Hall, while, before she mounted, she held my hand in hers, "if in the years to come my life can bring a blessing into any other lives—as you said—it will be only because you yourself have brought a blessing into it. For everything you have been to me I—I would thank you if I could."

"You have," she said, looking at me kindly before she dropped my hand.

Then I tried to bear it all a little better, as I should—I whose life could have no further union with hers!

"I will leave your books at the Hall this evening, Miss Mary," I said, stooping to assist her to mount. "I will never forget all they have taught me—they, with your long, long patient help."

"Keep the books, John, please—keep them all," she said, smiling down upon me from her saddle. "All the while I am away I shall be glad to feel that you have them to remind you of our old studies—and of me."

I did not tell her how little I should ever need anything to remind me of her; it was not one of those thoughts that will form themselves into words; and—oh, how ashamed I was afterwards whenever I recalled this!—my answer to her last good-bye was broken by a tearless passionate sob. So, though I tried so hard to watch her to the last as she rode down the narrow lane, I could not see her for the mist before my stupid eyes.

Yet it was something to hear her horse stepping slowly along the frosty ground, for I fancied I felt that she was thinking of the desolate lad she had left behind—and whose heart she had taken.

For many and many a day after that my books were dull and toneless, and my work so wearisome that even Uncle Joshua was aroused to wonder, and to bid me "walk more, and go to bed at earlier hours."

CHAPTER II.

YEAR after year passed without bringing the Squire's daughter back to her old home. Perhaps the Squire sometimes met her in London; but even this I doubted, when I saw how the brave old face grew anxious and troubled, and the tall form bent and listless, through those three solitary years. How could I ever doubt (seeing how each month brought a change in him) those painful rumors which sometimes reached us of the life that Major Western led abroad, and of the constant demands made upon the Squire for his daughter's husband? We all saw how they told upon him in his solitude at the Hall, and how, after every absence, he came back more bowed and worn, more hasty and impatient, less like the cheery gentle Squire whose home life had been so happy in the old days.

He never now strolled down to the farm for a few minutes' chat with uncle Joshua, or to laugh with him over the old joke of my uncle's fabulous savings—as he used. He never now stopped me when he met me, to speak a few kind words to the lad to whom his daughter had been so kind.

Life seemed all changed for the kindly brave old man, and, though we did not know of it at the time, the steady gradual drain upon the estate, and the disgrace he felt it for himself as well as for his daughter, to be allied to a professional gambler, were a weight he could neither shake off nor bear. And so, by the end of those three short years, he laid it down in utter weariness, and with it the active, simple, blameless life.

It was only then—when her father lay dead—that Major Western brought his wife back to her old home again. But they stayed only until the funeral was over; and I do not think that in any way Major Western cared to consult either the feelings or wishes of any of the late Squire's friends or tenants, though we were all there, paying our last respects to one we had always loved as well as honored.

Yet, on the sad day she set out on that swift journey back, Mrs. Western came to the old farm to bid me good-bye, and, in her own arms, brought her little baby-girl. How sadly I contrasted then—with the bright face of my young teacher three years before—this pale pathetic face of the young mother, who seemed to have lost even all memory of that radiant smile I used to think the brightest thing on earth, except that its shadow dawned upon her grave sad face just once—just for the moment while her baby lay contentedly in my careful, awkward arms.

Soon after Major Western had taken his wife back to his old life in Paris my uncle Joshua died; and I felt myself lonelier than ever at the old farm, though it grew and improved rapidly now, for my uncle had left me the accumulated savings of his whole lifetime, and I found that the Squire's jest had had truth beneath it too.

After that first and last visit of Major Western and his wife, the old Hall was closed for quite three months. Then one day my eyes fell on an advertisement, inserted by Mr. Needham—the family lawyer—offering the Hall for sale, and of course we knew by whose orders this had been done. Not long afterwards it seemed somehow to be understood amongst us (though I never know who was first answerable for the news) that it was to be let, the sale having been satisfactorily effected, but the purchaser having no intention of living there. Some said this purchaser was Mr. Needham himself, others that an eccentric young merchant had bought the house to retire to when he had made sufficient fortune to enjoy it, and had worked sufficiently to need rest. But no one asserted anything as quite certain, and so the rumors reached me only in a vague surmising way.

So the years went on, until ten had passed since the day Miss Mary had bidden me good-bye at the farm, on the clear winter morning before her marriage. Never, through all that time, had I entertained a thought of marriage, and somehow my solitary nature and solitary habits (increased so greatly by my solitary life) seemed to save me from those jests and reports of marriage so usual, I think, among young people in a quiet country life. Ah, but I never was a young man—never until——

I knew why no thought of marriage had come to me as it comes to most men. Years ago—unconsciously perhaps—I had enshrined an ideal in my heart, so perfect, so all sufficing even in its dreamy unreality, that my heart cried for no lesser. Yet even so—thanks always always to her teaching!—my life was not an isolated or quite a useless one.

The Hall was occupied now by a widow lady with her son and daughter, Mrs. Fortescue renting it from the absent proprietor. Young Mr. Fortescue was at Eton, but of course at home a good deal. He was a handsome, rather sociable young fellow, whom we soon grew to like; his sister had still her foreign governess, but she looked almost grown up even then, a peculiarity which always struck me even more than her very stylish appearance and rather haughty and ungracious manners. But sometimes I pulled myself up sharply in my judgment of her, remembering that I might be unfair, because it was so all impossible to me patiently to see any other young lady take the place Miss Mary used to fill.

Still the tenants were, I believe, pretty well contented now with "the family" at the Hall. And, though they were not the old Squire and Miss Mary, young Mr. Fortescue had such a pleasant way with him, and seemed so anxious to belong to the place (as a country gentleman should), that at last we grew to speak of him quite naturally as "the young Squire."

So ten years went by, as I said, and for seven of them we had neither seen nor heard of Major and Mrs. Western, when one day Mr. Needham sent me a French newspaper with one paragraph marked round with red ink. It was rather hard work to me to translate this French, because it seemed different from the French I had mastered in Miss Mary's books, but gradually the meaning lay clear and plain before me—the cruel meaning of it all.

I read the paragraph again, slowly through from beginning to end, yet all the while I followed the words my eyes seemed only to see the young mother who, seven years before, had smiled with such a sweet pathetic smile when her baby's arms went softly round my neck at the farm gate.

The French paragraph told but little (as I knew afterwards) of the long course of selfish indulgence, of reckless extravagance, of systematic gambling, and professional fraud. But it is told at length—and with cruel elaboration in every detail—how the career of dissipation had been cut short by the hand of the self-murderer.

That night I had a vivid and most painful dream. In this dream I knew myself to be in a strange country, without knowing what country it was; and, though the scene around me was so unfamiliar, I knew exactly how and where to go, and went on alone, unquestioning and unquestioned, until I found myself before a closed door. Then it seemed as if I paused, seeking courage to pass beyond; and I can feel even now as I write, so many long years afterwards, the sort of self-pity with which I saw my fingers trembling upon the handle of the door.

The room I entered in this dream of mine was barely furnished, and half darkened: but to me, standing within the door unseen, it was its one solitary occupant which made the whole picture so sad and so pathetic. White and worn and feeble, like a shadow of her old self, Miss Mary sat there in the utter solitude of deep thought, the eyes that used to be so beautiful, hollow and weary now, as they were fixed upon the empty grate. Presently, while still I watched in silence with my hand pressed upon my heart, I saw her rise as if in sudden determination, and, opening a desk upon the table, begin to write.

Conscious in some way of my own invisibility to her, I came up to her side and read as she wrote; for I seemed to know this was a letter to myself. Ah, what sad and pleading words they were! And yet I could not understand what was the something which she sought of me. I read every word again, as Miss Mary leaned her head upon her hand and rested; but no—the vague, pitiful words, so humble, so pleading, bore no distinct meaning to me, except that one prayer came from her heart on this sad day, and that she felt that I could satisfy it.

It did not seem strange to me, in my dream, that, while I could so easily read every word she wrote, I could not grasp the one real meaning of her letter.

When it was finished, the heavy eyes of the writer followed it slowly, line by line, word by word, while her tears fell heavily upon it. Then there was a long pause, while she held the letter in her hands closely and tightly, and there grew a restless, feverish pain upon the young, wan face. Then the silence was broken by a sob—ah, such a passionate, breathless sob!—and Miss Mary rose, put the letter into the empty grate, and set light to it, turning away with her eyes covered, while it burned to ashes.

So wonderfully real this dream was to me even next morning that it seemed all one with the resolution I had made to go at once to Paris. Miss Mary wished for me, and needed me—that was quite clear to me; and I did not pause to question with myself whether this consciousness ought to move me, based only on a dream. I felt no anxiety about leaving the farm, for I had a clever bailiff now. I did not dread the journey, though I had never before been beyond the neighboring counties. All was lost in my engrossing anxiety to reach Paris. I did so next morning; then, driving rapidly, and sparing no labor of inquiry, I reached, within an hour, the house where Major Western lay dead. But his wife was not there. She had not lived with him (so the woman who kept the house where he had died, and where at first they had lived together, told me in answer to my quiet, earnest questioning) since she had, by a trial in which he was concerned, discovered how his wealth was gained. Mrs. Western had never known unfortunately, the woman said, until her own property was all squandered.

Since then she had lodged elsewhere with her little daughter, and had earned (it was said), by giving lessons, a livelihood for herself and her child. But lately—so the woman had gathered from casual remarks of Major Western's servant—Mrs. Western had been too ill to leave her room. She used to live here with her husband, when in Paris—so the woman went on, detaining me against my will—and she was pretty then, and bright and generous; but that was a long time ago, and she had begun to change and pine almost directly.

Her doctor had been in about Major Western's funeral, but she herself was far too ill to come, even if she would have forgiven the past, and done so.

It was a pitiful story of a husband's sin and a wife's fruitless sorrow, and I was very glad when it was over and I was on my way again. I had only been able to discover the street in which Mrs. Western lived, and so I took each house as I reached it, determining not to miss one chance, because time was so precious to me.

And at last I found the right house, and was taken softly to the door of the quiet, shadowed room where she lay. For a minute I stood unseen, just within, almost as I had stood in my dream; but the whole scene was different, and I seemed to forget my dream just then. I only saw the sad, sad scene before me.

The young mother lay breathing faintly and rapidly, her head raised upon the small pillows which a little girl had propped as she could and supported against her own tiny form, as she knelt behind her mother on the bed, watching her face wistfully the while, and softly stroking one thin white hand. Ah, such an anxious, troubled look it was for the face of so young a child! And there was almost a woman's grave and tender care in the soothing quiet action—such patient strength too in the unmoved steady posture.

But, when I looked into the mother's eyes, that mist came once again before my own which had blotted out that face once before, when it had been my teacher's.

* * * * * *

She tried hard to speak to me, but the weakness was too great in that dying hour, and I—how could I help her in this terrible suffering of my own? And so the precious minutes passed. But I had lifted the child from her cramped position, and I myself supported the weak form which I had last seen so young and beautiful and full of life.

But the little one, though released, crept to her mother's side, and, with a tenderness quaintly protecting, and without a word, slipped one arm round her mother.

Above the little face so like her own, Mrs. Western yearning eyes sought mine; and at that moment I sounded the very depths of her speechless anxiety for her child. The question she would not write the question she could not speak. I read now in that slow, and gaze—so pitiful, so humble! I put my arms about the tiny slender figure of her child, and drew it to me—drew it even from the mother's side; while a new look dawned upon the beautiful dying face—a new look even painful in its speechless gratitude.

Falling upon my knees beside the bed, and laying one hand upon the child's head, and the other upon the mother's wasted hand, I promised I would love and cherish the little one always—always.

Ah, the mother knew how solemnly this vow of mine came from my grateful, sorrowful heart! She could hear its truth and earnestness, there on the borderland where all is true. She could see now all that she had been to me so long, and all that I, in humble gratitude, would be to her little one.

She saw—ah, who, who can tell how much she saw, in that clear light so near the end? But a wonderful smile lit up the dying eyes, and made them beautiful and glad.

CHAPTER III.

WE lived a life of quiet happiness at the old farm, the child and I. Gradually there died from my mind the haunting fear that she would fret and pine in the dull house, with no little playfellow, no child-friend, no companion save a man who had been all his life used to solitude and silence. Such fear of mine, though a natural one, could not live in her presence; for, though there were times when, coming unexpectedly upon her in the twilight, I found her eyes full of tears, and though sometimes in church, as we knelt together, I heard a little catching in her breath, as if a babyish sob had to be stifled, I knew this was natural to the little motherless child. And she had always a smile to greet me with, and a bright answer for every one of my endless anxious questions. So, as I said, quite soon there died entirely that great fear that she could never live without a little child-friend or a mother's care.

She was never shy with me, even from the very first. Once, when I spoke of this, long afterwards, she said could that have been possible, after she had seen the smile of perfect trust and contentment her mother had given me, when I had taken her first into my care?

How proud I was of my fairy child! Was she ever one hour out of my thoughts through all the livelong day? I had some one to care for now; I had some one to work for, some one to share the solitary old home now; and, for her sake, it must be bright and pretty. I grew a very child myself in seeking a child's amusement; I felt almost young myself in my intense desire to understand the young; and at last I grew almost wise in choosing what would be the best and brightest and pleasantest for my little one. How I remember with what care I chose the girl who was to attend upon little May (her name was Mary, like her mother's, but she told me she never remembered being called anything but May; and I was very glad, for the mother's name seemed sacred to me still), and how my housekeeper used to smile sometimes at the elaborate, careful orders of the master who used to be so utterly indifferent to little household matters! But there were times, for all this new-found interest of mine, when I used to watch the pretty little figure moving softly in the dark old rooms, and sorely and regretfully allow that, however anxious I might be over the task, I had no right to take upon myself the guidance of a little creature such as this. Care, of course, I might bestow upon her—care and love untold; but, for guidance and teaching——

Why, she would be a woman some day, and have to go from this quiet farm to act a woman's part in that wide unknown world the sunshine of which only such natures as hers could make. And could she go with only such guidance and teaching as I could give her?

At last all the doubts and fears resolved themselves into one momentous question, which was before me ever, night and day—how was my little one to be educated? She seemed to be growing taller every day, and must she not now need wise and womanly teaching?

If so, she must have it, even if the old farm is left to me desolate again.

"I wonder——"

"What are you wondering? I think you are always now, John."

I had taught her from the first to call me so. How could I resist the temptation, when there was no one else in all the world to call me by my Christian name, and when it was so doubly sweet to me from those small lips which had been the first within my memory to cling to mine?

She was sitting now in her favorite position on my knee, her tiny fingers stroking away the lines in my face.

"I was wondering about your education, dear."

"You have wondered about that before," the child said, folding her hands. "Will you settle it now please, John? Then you needn't wonder again."

"Then you must help me, dear," I said, without a smile for her little comical attack of gravity.

"Yes—of course. How were you educated, John? Who taught you?"

This was a little respite—that was all; so I enjoyed it.

"Your mother first; then our curate; then myself."

"I see," said May, laying her cheek softly against mine, as she almost always did at my mention of her mother. "Then I will have the same teachers exactly. First my mother (of course it was); then our curate—if you like; then you. That's all settled, isn't it, John? Will the curate be the same who taught you?"

"Hardly, dear, seeing he is a rector now, and living hundreds of miles away from here. Your teacher must be the new curate who comes next week, if we decide upon that."

"Oh, we have decided it!" said May, again folding her hands demurely. "I must be taught exactly the same as you were, John. Then we shall be just as clever as each other."

Original and questionable as the idea was, I still felt it a great relief that my darling had not chosen to go away from me, or even asked for a lady to teach her at home.

So it was all settled, as she said (everything at the farm now was always as she said) and on the next Sunday, when our new young curate read himself in, I could plainly see that May was most gravely studying him as her future preceptor. I can remember, even now, how the sunrays touched my child's bright hair, that morning; while she sat so still in the corner of our big pew, with her hands folded, as she had a trick of folding them, and her questioning earnest eyes upon the young preacher's face. And yet, though it was some one else whose words she followed, some one else who had interested her, I think I had never before felt her quite so near to me, quite so entirely my own. But then that morning she was but a little child, and her world contained so few besides myself.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

I loved that text which the young man had chosen, and every word of his sermon sank into my heart; while the one vague, worldless hope it gave me only my Father in heaven knew.

"John," said my child, walking on her homeward way beside me, both her arms locked round my arm, "that verse was one *that* mother loved. She would have liked all Mr. Leslie said. Did you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mother told me often exactly what it means," said May, in her childish gravity, and with that touch of sadness in her voice that told the story of her infancy, and which I feared she would never lose. "Even such a crumb would do, she said, if we are poor and haven't more; and still there will come back a great, great deal. You think so too, don't you, John?"

Ah, the wide, vague thoughts which my little one, with all her pondering, could not touch! Patience for the "many days," whether they tell a lifetime or only a portion of it, and—through them all—God's will be done!

A few days afterwards Mr. Leslie began his new duties as May's teacher, and I think that he very often found them rather hard; for, in spite of her titful gravity, lessons seemed to her very unnecessary interruptions to her day's enjoyments; and, in spite of being her own proposal, she soon let it be very evident to him that she declined to recognize any authority save mine. "What more natural," I said to myself with a sigh, "than that she should obey her staid, unyouthful guardian?"

Yet Leslie enjoyed his task too. I saw that, almost from the first; and, as the years went on, he grew to enjoy it more and more, until I felt quite sure that, above the tasks of all his week days, this task of teaching May was pleasant and delightful to him, and that, from his being teacher, it had come to pass that he himself was being taught.

CHAPTER IV.

IT came upon me unawares—one lovely morning when the summer world around me looked just as it did upon that morning when Miss Mary found out first the craving of my lonely boyhood. The noise of the rooks in the old avenue (mellowed and familiar though it was) had given May one of her transparent excuses for putting away her Schiller, and telling Leslie that, as she could not hear his corrections, it would be safer for her to give up reading for that day. She rarely let any excuse escape her to be out of doors on these summer mornings, even when Mr. Fortescue did not come strolling to the farm, to loiter there as he so often did for an unwarrantable and unconscionable time. And so of course I was not surprised when she came dancing out to me, with a low exultant laugh over Leslie's defeat, and a glad greeting for the young Squire, who stood beside me, rather tired of having so long pretended not to be watching for her coming.

It had not come upon me yet; but that morning my eyes were to open suddenly to the consciousness that my little ward was a woman. I had not fully grasped the knowledge yet, but later on that morning it was to be given me beyond my power of losing it again. Going about the house and farm with me—always with me just as she did when a tiny child—with the same snatches of old songs, and the same coaxing words upon her lips, and smile and sunshine in her eyes, how should I guess that others saw a change in my darling, until it was shown to me so plainly?

We had all been chatting together on the one old twisted seat upon the lawn, when May ran into the fruit garden to gather us some strawberries, and Mr. Fortescue of course went with her. I had the Standard in my hand, and had been reading now and then aloud to them, especially enjoying May's quaint remarks; while, in the intervals, the three young people talked. But now I put my newspaper down upon the seat, so Leslie was left with me, and began to talk with him, wondering a little though, in that first moment, why he had not, as usual, followed May.

I soon understood why, and I soon saw I need not trouble myself for subjects to carry on conversation. For, with scarcely any hesitation, with only a restless movement of his fingers, and a flush upon his face, showing how he felt the words, he asked me for permission to woo my child.

Thus it was that on that summer morning it came upon me unawares that my darling was a woman. Leslie's was a long story, I think; so I had time for other thoughts—besides one mad and selfish one—before I saw him looking at me, waiting eagerly and hopefully for my answer. My child was a woman now, to be wooed and won, to choose another home, and to be its mistress in a sweeter, dearer way than she could be mistress here at the old farm, which, without her——

No; thought would go no farther in its sudden weakness. My darling was a woman. That was all I had heard and understood, in Leslie's words. Ah, how cruel-sounding they had been, in spite of their ringing burden of manly, tender love! My dear was old enough to leave me now. It was natural for her to govern and gladden another home, and she had no further need of me. Her husband would be her guardian now. Surely the change had all come suddenly, upon this summer morning, as a storm breaks sometimes in a brilliant sky. Surely it could not be that such a loneliness as this had been gradually and imperceptibly closing round me, ever since that day when, with her warm soft arms so tight around my neck, I brought her first into the old farm, and made it for the time seem like home.

"I'm afraid I seem impatient in repeating the question, Mr. Fearne; but your consent would give me such hope and courage."

Repeating the question! What question had Leslie repeated, unheard by me? Had he told me anything, except that my darling was ready to leave me? Was not that enough to tell me on one day? If he had more to say, would it not do to tell me—presently—when I had grown a little accustomed to this new thought?

"If you will only give your consent to my payiug address to Miss Western——"

I picked up the Standard, and opened it and folded it on my knee, in a deliberate leisurely way; but all the time my pulses throbbed as even Leslie could never have felt his do, through all that history he had given me of his love. And my lonely heart beat as if it had not learnt, years and years before, what utter loneliness meant.

"I give you my consent. Why should I withhold it?"

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times! And you wish me success in my suit?"

Success—wish him success, when his success meant a desolate home and future for myself! No; my dry unsteady lips would not have formed the words, even if my heart could have felt them.

"Plead your own cause, Leslie," I said, rising in utter weariness, and still in the great bewilderment and pain of my new awakening, "Could you ever doubt my earnest wishes for my child's happiness?"

"John!" cried my darling, that moment running up to me, while I went towards the house, feeling strangely bent and spiritless, as I walked slowly in the mocking sunshine. "I have left Mr. Fortescue to finish gathering the strawberries. He has promised not to give up till the basket is full; and you and I are going to the dairy now for the cream. Mr. Leslie"—she beckoned to the curate over my shoulder, as we stood together—"please fetch the sugar and then we shall be all ready."

"My dear," I whispered, "hadn't you better go with one of them?"

"I think not," May answered, in that pondering way of hers which was so quaintly characteristic of her, and so irresistibly pretty on her bright young face. "I think I can trust either of them alone."

"And not me?" I questioned; but I drew my hand back, as it went so naturally around her in its old caressing way.

"Trust you alone, John," she queried, with raised eyebrows and puckered lips—"and in the dairy too? Oh, no!"

"Well," I said, as we walked on, she with her fingers locked about my arm, just as we had walked together so many hundreds of times before—ah, so exactly like it had been from her babyhood that now I might have thought the old times unchanged but for the haunting memory of what Leslie had shown me!—"well, and what did the young Squire think of your leaving him your work to do, May?"

"He won't find it any harder. He was working for both of us before. I only stood by and directed him."

"And did he like that?"

"He said so."

"And he asked you to stay, I suppose?"

I was questioning her only, because I dreaded my own silence and my own thoughts—just yet.

"Yes; he asked me to stay, of course. Indeed I'm not quite sure whether he hadn't tears in his eyes. Don't you think it probable, John?"

"Very probable."

"No wonder you look sceptical on such a subject," my darling said, looking up into my face with a pretty pout, but, as I knew, with a questioning gravity in her eyes. "You never could appreciate the value Mr. Fortescue sets upon me. He thinks me far more beautiful than the Queen of Sheba was when she came to dazzle Solomon, and far wiser than she was when she went away with all his lessons fresh on her mind. He says so, John, indeed; though you look as if I had invented it."

"Disputed authorship," I muttered, just as carelessly as I could; but my eyes were open more and more, and my heart was sinking in spite of all the efforts I made to be glad—for my child's sake. The Squire too had found out what I had been so blind to notice! He too knew that my pet was a woman, to be wooed with flattery. He too was weaning her from me, loving her himself and longing for her. He too had learned the power of her beauty, the charms of her winning ways, and the wealth of her noble woman-nature. He too felt it was time she left this quiet home of mine, and had another home suited to her youth and beauty and gaiety. And he had wealth and luxuries to give her. Was it not time, indeed, that she left my covetous embrace, and this home the only beauty and the only sunshine of which were of her own giving?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO MORROW.—"Now then, Mr. Cashmere, are you ever going to get those trousers done?" exclaimed a promising youth on hurriedly entering the establishment of his favorite tailor.

"They'll be done to-morrow, sir," replied the tailor quietly.

"That's what you said yesterday."

"Exactly."

"Well, isn't this to-morrow?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, wasn't to-day to-morrow yesterday?"

"It was; but it isn't to-morrow to-day."

"Well, when in creation will to-morrow be then?"

"Don't you know, sir?"

"No."

"Do you remember the last suit I made you?"

"Yes."

"You will remember that when I called my money you always said you would pay to morrow. I discovered then that to-morrow never comes. Do you understand?"

The youth sought the street, and, by the gentle slam he gave the shop door, it was quite evident that he did.

SHE: "Oh, George, what shall we do if the boat sinks?" He, very pale: "Never mind about that, Sarah. It is not our boat."

Bric-a-Brac.

FLYING MICE.—The flying mouse is a recent discovery in the Cameroon country of Africa. It is a link between the bat and the true mouse, has a tail like a mouse and heavy gray fur, while its wings are not so well developed as those of the bat.

WHENCE CAME THEY.—Tortoise-shell cats are said to have come originally from the Danish island Langelan, which is also the home of the fine dogs called the Great Danes. These famous dogs, as in the case of horses, display a great fondness for tortoise-shells, with whom they form inseparable companionships.

SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY AND THE APPLE.—Though few of us believe now that if it rain on St. Swithin's Day—July 15—it will be wet for the forty following days, still, it is comic to watch the relief that is felt should the Saint's day be dry. There is, however, one advantage to be derived from a literal fulfilling of the ancient proverb. It is said that should the weather be wet during the forty days, it will be all the better for the apples, which, in such case, will grow large and juicy ere ripening. So it is an ill rain that does nobody good.

WHEN SPANISH LOVERS WOO.—A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again. But if he is not regarded with favor the cane is thrown into the street, and in this way the young man is made to understand that further calls will be useless.

LABOR IN VAIN.—That convicts be placed at hard and unprofitable labor, so as not to compete with honest toil, is often urged by the friends of workingmen. The ideal of these agitators has been reached at London, Ontario. The workhouse and penitentiary of the town is situated upon the top of a high bluff by the river side. The convicts are told off into groups of four, and between them is a barrel with handles; this they fill at the river side, and then toil painfully up the steep path to the summit of the bluff, where the contents of the barrel are thrown into a gutter to rush back into the river. Then they descend to the water level for another load.

ODD USES FOR THE RED RAG.—Most folk seem to think that the chief use of red rags is to enrage mad bulls, but in Italy and Spain they are regarded in quite a different light. There they are believed to keep witches away from houses, for which purpose several small rags are tied to a little wand, which is then placed over the bed, up the chimney, above the doors, or in a flower pot near the window. It is the red color that terrifies the witch. Some women declare that witches hiding in the smoke of the boiling earthenware pot in which the soup is being cooked, vanish as soon as they see red flags, and never come to the house again. But these seem to be witches of very little pluck. When a child is ill, one or more red flags are tied to her bed before the doctor is fetched. That would appear, however, to be rather hard on the doctor.

TO RESCUE HER CUBS.—On one occasion a brave Polar bear lost her life in her effort to rescue her cubs. A number of sailors set fire to a heap of blubber, and the bear and her barns, attracted by the savory smell, went up to the burning pile and drew out lumps of the fat. The whalers threw more pieces of blubber to the animal, which the mother always took to her cubs, keeping only a small portion for her own wants. By-and-by the men fired at this interesting group of diners out, shot both cubs and wounded the mother, whose distress was painful to behold. She crawled to her cubs and tore up the meat, placing small bits before each. As they did not eat, she next tried to lift them, crying all the while. Then she moved away a short distance, and called to them to follow. The dead cubs, of course, heard her not, and she returned to them, licked them, and caressed them gently with her paws. Convinced now that they were dead, she raised herself up in a threatening attitude, and uttered a series of angry growls at the ship. In answer to this defiance there came a shower of bullets, and she fell between her cubs, licking their wounds as she died—surely, in her way, a true heroine.

LOVE AND MOONLIGHT.

BY W. W. L.

There is moonlight on the waters,
Moonlight on the violet lea;
Moonlight on the woods and mountains—
Come and ramble, dear, with me.

Linger not, I'm waiting, darling,
Time to me seems very long;
Hasten, hasten o'er the meadow,
While love sings a tender song.

Whippoorwill in yonder thicket
Tunes his tender evening lay;
Hasten, hasten, I am waiting,
In the moonlight's silver ray.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON was much younger than her husband, the earl. She was extremely pretty, and also extremely clever; indeed, it had been said that so much cleverness was wasted in a countess who had no need to be anything or do anything save wear her diamonds with distinction.

Lady Grandison was something of an artist—she painted a little, sculped a little, and played a great deal—and being of an original turn of mind, she made use of her gifts to advantage. She had persuaded the earl, her husband, into rebuilding Grandison House, on plans by herself and a clever young architect whom she discovered; and the world declared that no such house had ever been planned.

As we have no concern with any other part of it than the music-room and winter garden, a detailed description of the palace of art and comfort is, fortunately, not necessary; and, indeed, it is rather difficult to describe the music-room and covered garden.

They were magnificent in proportion, and superb in arrangement and decoration. The music room was really a concert hall, of stately marble, gilt, and fresco, by some of the first Italian artificers.

Its acoustic properties were *perfect*; the lowest note could be heard as distinctly as the dropping of a pin in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's.

There was a magnificent organ; the organist was "attached" to the household, and could always be "laid on" at a moment's notice, like the gas or water; Lady Grandison had her own string band of lady performers; and a tenor and couple of baritones were generally staying at the house. Every seat in the concert hall was comfortable and the audience was never permitted to out-number them. Everyone had his seat, and plenty of room for the gentlemen's long legs and the ladies' elaborate dresses. There was no squeezing or crushing at Lady Grandison's.

From the concert room one stepped out into a kind of lobby of white marble, relieved by crimson curtains, against which gleamed, whitely, statues and busts of the composers. Adjoining this was the winter garden.

It was, in fact, a vast conservatory and palm-house. It was like a tropical forest in which everything seemed to be growing in natural luxuriance, and in which the hand of the gardener—a gentleman who received the salary of a French chef—was carefully and artfully concealed. Tall palms reared their heads above masses of feathery ferns and delicately-blossomed orchids. Festoons of flowers and strangely-colored leaves hung from the roof, nearly hiding the glass dome. A delicious perfume filled the air, made musical by the singing of birds of brilliant plumage, which flew from tree to tree, or perched on the white shoulders of fauns and wood-nymphs that rose from the fountains imbedded in banks of moss and ferns.

The place had cost a small fortune, and was maintained at a tremendous expense; but the earl did not mind, as long as his young wife was pleased.

"What you have to do with women," he was wont to say, with a chuckle at his club, "is to keep 'em amused. Bless your heart, all women are children—just children. Give 'em plenty of toys, and they'll give you no trouble. Polly"—Lady Grandison's name was Marian—"Polly likes music and flowers, and I let her have 'em to any extent. Result, the happiest couple in London. Your ideal, Yorke," and he would sort his cards with another chuckle, and look as knowing as an old magpie.

Lady Grandison was a bit of a lion-hunter, and liked celebrities, so that one was pretty certain to see at her "At Homes" the actor, the famous artist, the latest globe trotter, the fortunate individual whose novel had run into eleven editions in three weeks, the tenor who had taken Europe by storm, and the composer whose opera had filled Covent Garden to overflowing.

All this, and much more, Lady Dockitt told Nance as they drove to Grandison House.

Lady Dockitt had put on her best frock, and wore diamonds; but though she had hinted to Nance that the occasion demanded some little display, Nance was very simply dressed. She wore a frock of cream silk. Her only jewelry consisted of a string of pearls round her neck—Nance was one of the few women who can wear pearls—and the only other ornament was a light yellow flower in her hair.

But simple and unpretentious as was the dress, Lady Dockitt was fain to admit that it was effective.

Nance's taste was perfect, and her loveliness was never more acutely accentuated than when it was attired in delicate, unassuming colors.

Notwithstanding the time of year, they found a number of carriages outside Grandison House, and as they entered and were ushered into the reception room, which led to the music-hall, they saw that, early as they thought they were, a great many guests had already arrived.

Few persons came late to Lady Grandison's "At Home," for if you arrived while a song or piece was in progress, you had to wait outside the music-room until it was finished.

As they entered, Lady Grandison, who stood near the door receiving, looked up with the usual polite smile of greeting. She had never heard of Lady Dockitt or Miss Harwood; but it was not unusual for her to be asked for cards for friends of her friends, and she was going to make the usual bow and murmur the ordinary commonplace, "So glad to see you," but Nance's beauty aroused her interest and curiosity.

"What a lovely girl!" she said in an undertone to a gentleman who stood beside her, holding her bouquet. "Who on earth is she?"

"I am sure I don't know," he replied, looking after Lady Dockitt and Nance as they passed on. "Never saw them before."

"She is lovely," said Lady Grandison emphatically. "It is a perfect face—and the hair and eyes! Find out who they are, please, Lord Grange."

His lordship set forth as became a devoted admirer of her ladyship; but he returned from his quest presently with failure written on his countenance.

"Sorry," he said. "Can't find out anything about her. Name's Harwood; but no one knows anything more than that, and I got that from the footman. 'Lady Dockitt and Miss Harwood.'"

The countess thought for a moment.

"I remember," she said. "Dear Sir Terence asked for cards for them. They are friends of his. Ah, Lord St. John so glad to see you. Stop; do you know a Miss Harwood? Ah, I see you do!" she added as St. John's color rose, and he looked round with barely concealed eagerness. "Yes, she is here. Go and find her, and after the concert I should be pleased if you would introduce us."

Lord St. John hurried across the room; the people were beginning to stream into the music-room. He saw Nance on ahead, and as he made his way to her he saw, that Lady Grandison was not the only one who had been struck by her beauty. Men and women—which is more significant—were looking at her and asking each other in whispers who she could be.

It was Nance's first entrance into the great world, and she was making a "sensation."

He was fortunate enough to reach them in time to obtain a seat beside Nance, who greeted him with a smile of welcome; perhaps she was feeling a little lonely in the crowd of strangers, and felt their eyes of curiosity and admiration; at any rate, she was glad to see him.

"I am fortunate," he said; he meant, in getting a seat beside her, and she understood him. "Isn't it a beautiful place—but wait until you see the palm garden! I hope you will enjoy it."

"I am sure I shall," said Nance. "But I thought——" she hesitated. "I thought that Sir Terence said it was only a small party?"

"So it is," said St. John. "Is he here yet? Ah! there he is, with his son. You have not met him yet, have you?"

"No," said Nance. She would have liked to look round, but she was just a trifle nervous. One of the boy pages—not in a shell jacket with buttons, but dressed in white satin trimmed with silver—brought programmes printed on Japanese silk paper.

"It is a splendid concert," said St. John. "Santley and Lloyd, and Madame Gomez and Trebelli, and Lady Grandison's ladies' band. Oh, yes, I think you will enjoy it."

It really seemed as if he thought the whole affair must prove a failure unless Christine were pleased with it.

The people were rapidly taking their seats. As St. John had said, Sir Terence and Bernard had arrived. Felicia was with them, looking superbly handsome in a rich costume of Worth's designing.

"I wonder if my friends have arrived?" Sir Terence said, as he sat down, and scanned the room through his gold pince-nez.

"Who are they?" asked Felicia.

Bernard did not ask. The gravity which had settled upon him of late was in his face. He looked straight before him with a vacant, preoccupied gaze. Like Nance, he would have infinitely preferred to have been at home, seated by the fire, with a book or his own thoughts. He hated a crowd, and, though he was fond of music, wished the whole thing over even before it had commenced.

"Lady Dockitt and Miss Harwood," said Sir Terence.

"Oh," said Felicia, rather coldly. "Are they here? I thought——"—she paused a moment, and curled her lip—"that they were not likely to be here."

"I got cards for them," said Sir Terence cheerfully. "I should like you to see, know her, Felicia——"

"Thanks," she said, more coldly than before. "I don't know that I should care to. I could never forget that she has the Hall I wonder——"

"That I seem to have forgotten," he said placidly. "Yes; it is wonderful. It astonishes me. But you don't know her, Felicia, or you would understand. Oh, there they are, there, nearly in front in the third row—do you see? The lady with the red-gold hair."

Felicia looked in the direction indicated, but with faint interest.

"No," she said. "But it does not matter." She had no desire to see the girl who had out-bid her for the Hall.

All further conversation was stopped by the commencement of the concert. The ladies' band began the first piece.

A profound stillness reigned. Nance had never heard or dreamed of such music. She was spellbound. The spell grew as a young girl came forward, and played Gounod's "Ave Maria" on the violin to the accompaniment of Madame Trebelli's voice—for, indeed, it was the clear note of the violin that wailed and sobbed out the air of the wonderful music, and the human voice that played the accompaniment.

The tears rose to Nance's eyes; the magnificent concert room, with its brilliant audience, faded away; she was back on the river with Bernard that evening they were nearly upset by the barge, back at Myrtle Cottage in those few happy days. The musical wail and moan of the violin and the clear voice were as voices speaking to her alone, filling her with sorrow and yet with comfort.

St. John glanced at her face, and saw it transfigured, as it were, and his hand stole towards hers and touched it.

She started and came down from the clouds and dreamland.

"It is beautiful!" she murmured, and his heart responded fervently, passionately, "You are beautiful!"

As the concert proceeded all Nance's nervousness vanished. She completely forgot the rest of her audience, was unconscious that people were looking at her admiringly, curiously; as unconscious of the fact as she was unconscious that she was by far the loveliest woman in the room.

The last piece before the interval was played.

"We get twenty minutes," said St. John in his gentle way. "And we want it. One wants a little rest to thoroughly absorb and appreciate such music. You must let me show you the palm garden now, Christine. It will be better to go now, because most of the people go into the drawing-room for refreshments, and keep the garden until the concert is over. May I take her, Lady Dockitt?"

Lady Dockitt, who had found an old friend, nodded permission, and the two left their seats and made their way down the spacious lobby towards the garden. As they passed people stared and whispered.

"Hair dyed, I'm certain of it," murmured the ladies behind their fans. "Quite impossible that it should be natural. Who is she?"

"Whoever she is," remarked one candid lady, "she will be the reigning beauty next season; there can be no doubt of that."

Nance uttered an exclamation of amazement and delight as St. John led her through the marble lobby into the enclosed gardens.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he said, as if it belonged to him, and as if it had been specially got up for her benefit.

Your lover thinks all the world made for his mistress.

"It is all so"—she hunted for a word—"so real; those ferns, they might be growing in the tropics, instead of a glass-house in a London square. Oh, it is lovely lovely. How happy the birds must be here!" It is like the garden in Aladdin's palace; do you remember?"

"Yes," said St. John in a low voice; "a garden such as this could be made at the Court if you liked."

Nance colored and shook her head with gentle negation.

St. John sighed.

"Don't be angry with me, Christine. All the world is bound up with you in my thoughts. But there, I promised not to worry or harass you, and I am breaking my word. Let me find you a seat."

They then went down a narrow path, just such a path as she would imagine in a tropical forest, and found a seat formed by a portion of a trunk of a tree, and in a secluded spot that looked as if it had never been visited before.

"There are dozens of places like this," said St. John. "The paths are so artfully arranged that one may lose oneself as if one were in a maze. That is a bird of Paradise," he broke off, as a bird with a gorgeous plumage flew over their heads and settled on a palm.

"It is Paradise," said Nance.

St. John sat beside her. He was, but for the ever-present longing in his heart, to call her his, happy. But your true lover is always thinking of his mistress and her wants, imaginary or real.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" he said with self-reproach. "I ought to have asked you if you would like an ice, some wine, anything."

"No, no," said Nance dreamily.

"But yes," he said, anxious to serve her, to be doing something, anything for *her*. "Let me get you something. It was *hot* in the concert-room, and it is hot here, and the other half of the programme is *long*."

Conscious that he would be pleased if she let him get her something, Nance said that she would like a glass of lemonade.

He rose with a flush of pleasure.

"Yes, yes! I will bring it to you."

He started off, scarcely limping. His desire to be strong had helped him, and he was growing stronger every day.

Nance leant back and closed her eyes. The spell of the heavenly music was upon her still. Was it all real?' she asked herself. Was she really Miss Christine Harwood, the guest of the Countess of Grandison, or was she, as a matter of fact, only Nance Grey, the Ises girl, dreaming some fantastic dream?"

She sat still for some minutes; then, unthinkingly, quite forgetting St. John, rose from the trunk of the tree, and walked slowly, dreamily about the garden. Every now and then she met some of the guests, who looked at her as they had looked at her in the concert room, and to avoid them she turned aside to regain the spot in which St. John had left her. But she found that she had lost her way; as he had said, the place was like a maze.

Annoyed with herself, she followed path after path, and presently found herself in a little nook very like the one she had left.

"If I wait here, he will be sure to find me," she thought, and she sat down on a rustic seat, and leaning back, closed her eyes, and listening to the twitter of the birds, gave herself up to the magic charm of the place.

Presently she heard a footstep. Someone was coming slowly towards her. She noticed the scent of a cigarette, and thinking that it was St. John, sat up and opened her her eyes.

As she did so someone, a gentleman, crossed the entrance to the little arbor in which she sat, glanced in, paused, and then stopped in front of her.

Though she did not raise her eyes, she saw that he was tall and broad shouldered—and not St. John. She expected him to pass on, and, as he did not do so she raised her eyes, and they met his.

A word broke the silence, the twitter of the birds.

"Nance!"

She did not spring to her feet, but sat gazing at him as he came nearer and then stood motionless and regarding her.

It was Cyril. It was the man who had

sailed himself her husband. It was Cyril!

All the color faded from her face, her eyes distended, her lips parted.

He stood, white as a ghost; the cigarette dropped from his fingers, his eyes looked at her from his haggard face.

"Good heavens! it is Nance!" he said, as if he had been speaking to himself, as if he doubted her reality, and was only half convinced that she was not a vision. "Is—is it you, you yourself, Nance? Speak to me, speak!"

She could not speak. She could only gaze at him with wide-open eyes, while her heart seemed to cease beating. She, too, thought that she was dreaming—that it was a vision.

He took a step nearer, and seemed to devour her with his gaze. His eyes scanned the lovely face, the red-gold hair, the violet eyes, the sweet red lips. Doubt still tortured him. How could it be possible that Nance Grey—his Nance—should be here? She who had been lost to him for so long, here within hearing of his voice, within touch of his hand!

"Nance, is it you, really you?" he exclaimed under his breath, as one speaks who is fearful that a word may dispel a vision, a dream.

She found words at last.

"It is I," she said. "Yes; I am Nance Grey."

At the sound of her voice his gaze flickered, his lips quivered, a spasm of pain passed over his haggard, handsome face.

"I thought I was dreaming!" he said. "You here—you! How—how did you come here? Why"—then his voice grew stern and almost fierce—"why did you leave me?"

To her the question must have seemed one of wanton cruelty, almost of insult.

"Why——"

She faltered. Her heart was beating, throbbing with infinite yearning. Consider. Here before her stood the man for whom she had made the supreme sacrifice, the man she had loved so passionately, and yet as purely as woman had ever loved man. She had sacrificed all to him—all, a woman's all. He had left her for another woman, and now he came and asked her why she had left him.

The situation deserves an epic. I cannot rise to it; no man could in prose.

"Why did you leave me?" he demanded, the wrong he thought she had done him burning, torturing him. "What had I done that you should betray me, desert me? You knew that I loved you—Heavens, how I loved you! Nance, you have wrecked my life; you have turned it to dust and ashes. You—why did you do it—you who seemed the soul of truth, and purity, and honor?

White to the lips, she listened to him. His words sounded in her ears like those of a madman.

"I—I leave you, desert you!" she said, at last, and her voice came brokenly, painfully. The glamor of his presence was upon her, the music of his voice rang in her heart. "I leave you! Oh! oh!" And a faint cry escaped her.

"Yes, answer!" he demanded sternly. "What had I done that you should desert me, betray me?"

"What had you——" Her brain whirled; she put her hand to her lips to still their trembling. "No, it was not I; it was you, you!" she replied. "You left me! It was you—you who deserted me!"

He stood silent for a moment. Then he advanced a step nearer, and looked at her as she sat in the softly-shaded light that gleamed through the leaves above them.

"I deserted you!" he said in a low voice. "Nance, Nance! am I dreaming? Is it you—really you—speaking? And you say that—that——"

He seemed incapable of expressing his amazement, the sense of his injury.

"Yes," she said, and she raised her eyes to his—the eyes that had been uplifted to his face with passionate love—how often! "You left without a word. You were tired of me—so tired that you could not even say good-bye. You did not care what became of me. Oh, Cyril, Cyril!"

He flung himself on the seat beside her, and seized her hand—not carelessly, but fiercely.

"Look at me!" he said savagely. "Say that again. Look me in the face, if you can, and say that again. You know it is a lie!"

Nance tried to drag her hand from his grasp in vain. She looked him full in the face.

"It is true—true!" she said. "You know that it is true. You left me that—that morning, and promised to come back. You did not come back; you did not write——"

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you not know? I was ill, unconscious—unconscious for weeks. I could not write; I did not know where I was, what had happened."

Nance gazed at him; her heart beat fast. She no longer tried to tear her hand away.

"Tell me, tell me!" she breathed, her bosom heaving.

"Tell you!" he retorted, fiercely. "I have told you. I was ill, delirious, unconscious. The moment I came to I telegraphed to you. The telegram reached the cottage, I know, because I saw it there; I opened it. But you did not wait; you had no faith; you had gone. You had found friends." He glanced at the costly, though simple, dress, at the superb necklace of pearls. You were rich. I don't know how. You cared for me no longer, were glad to be rid of me. You had gone."

She would have risen, but he held her down.

"You shall not go until you have heard me to the end. I loved you. I—God help me!—I love you still."

"You—you love me still!" she said, and there was indignation, a pure woman's wrath as well as a gentle-hearted woman's tenderness in her voice. "You love me! You—you who are to be married to an other!"

He looked at her, silent, motionless.

"Can you deny it?" she panted. "Oh, how blind you must think me! How blind, how foolish, how ignorant! You say that—that you loved me, that you still—are you not going to marry Miss Damerel?"

Bernard winced. His breath came fast and furiously.

"Nance!"

"Answer me!" she said in a low voice. "But, ah! you need not; I read the answer in your face. It is true! it is true! And now you know why I left you, as you call it. I left you! Oh! God forgive you, Cyril! God forgive you!"

"Listen to me—listen!" he implored. "I thought that you had left me, that you were tired of me, that you had found friends, wealth."

"What is all this?" she said, moving her head to and fro like a person weary with pain. "Answer me. Are you not going to marry Miss Damerel? Ah! you cannot deny it. You left me for her!"

She sank on to the seat, and covered her face with her hands.

Bernard leant towards her.

"Nance," he breathed, "listen to me. When you left me——"

"No, no," she said, almost wailed. "It was you—you who left me. Oh! go, go! I never wish to see you again. I—I"—her eyes filled with tears—"I was forgetting. I was nearly happy; nearly! And now—oh! go, go!"

Bernard did not rise. His love for her consumed him like a fire. He thirsted for one word of love from her, for one kiss from the dear, sweet lips.

"Nance," he said, "I can explain it. I think I see it all. Listen to me; listen to me."

"Oh! there you are," said a voice, and St. John came from amongst the ferns, bearing a salver with an ice and some lemonade. "I have been hunting for you everywhere. I have got an ice for you as well as the lemonade; it is so hot."

He stopped short, and looked from one to the other—from Nance, with her face hidden in her hands, to Bernard, haggard and white, and gnawing his lips.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ST. JOHN looked from Bernard to Nance, his face flushing and paling by turns. Did they know each other? Why was she sitting with her face in her hands? Why was Bernard white and agitated? His soul was in arms in a moment. What had Bernard dared to say to cause her tears?

"Bernard—Christine—Miss Harwood!" he exclaimed.

Bernard rose, looking as if he did not see him, as if he were as yet unconscious of his presence; then he started and looked at Nance.

"Miss Harwood?" he said. "What! Miss Harwood?"

Nance let her hands fall from her face, but clasped them tightly in her lap.

"Is—is this Miss Harwood?" Amazement sat on every feature.

"This is Miss Harwood," said St. John, in a troubled voice. "Do you know her? What have you been saying to her? Why are you crying, Christine?"

Nance did not lift her head; she could not speak. What, indeed, could she say?

"Miss Harwood!" repeated Bernard mechanically, as if he were trying to realize the truth; that Nance Grey, the Nance Grey he loved, was the girl who had taken Rainford Hall from him! Then he looked from her to St. John. He remembered St. John's confession of love for her, and he laughed. It was a hard, sardonic laugh, not by any means pleasant to hear, and it brought the color to St. John's face and made Nance shudder.

"Miss Harwood, of Rainford Hall?" said Bernard.

"Yes, Miss Harwood, of Rainford Hall," said St. John, with quiet dignity and courage. "You know her, it appears. Why—why have you pretended you did not? Why, what have you said to her? She is in my charge; I left her here a little while ago; I came back to find her crying and distressed. Bernard, I have a right——" he stopped and sighed. "No, I have no right to ask, but——"

Bernard passed his hand across his brow; he was scarcely listening to St. John.

"Ask nothing," he said, hoarsely, "I should not answer any questions. Miss Harwood"—he repeated the name as if he had not yet realized that it belonged to her—"Miss Harwood may tell you what she pleases. I say nothing, except"—he addressed Nance slowly, and with emphasis, "except that I beg her pardon for distressing her. I did not quite realize, I did not know, indeed, how completely she had forgotten certain events of the past. I beg her pardon. I promise never to refer to them again."

He inclined his head with cold hauteur, and turned to leave them; but as his eyes left her face—its loveliness all tear-stained and piteous—slowly and reluctantly, his love for her tore at his heart, and smothering a groan, he turned upon St. John.

"Are you satisfied?" he demanded, with a kind of subdued ferocity. "You speak as if you were a friend, a champion, of Miss Harwood's; I do not know by what right. Are you satisfied?"

St. John looked at him squarely.

"I am Miss Harwood's friend, yes," he said in a low, firm voice; "and I will take up any quarrel of hers against any man, even though that man should be you, Bernard Yorke."

Nance, as she heard the name, uttered a low cry.

"Yorke—Yorke?" she said.

St. John looked at her in perplexity.

"Yes," he said, "do you not know? This is Mr. Yorke, Sir Terence's son."

Nance rose, holding the arm of the seat for support.

"Sir Terence's son!" was all she could say.

Bernard, without another word, left the arbor.

St. John went and stood by Nance in silence for a moment or two, then he said in a low, anxious voice—

"Christine, will you not tell me what has happened? What is it that Bernard Yorke has said to you that has distressed you so much? You are pale and trembling, and have been crying! What was it? Will you not treat me as a friend, and trust me?"

"I—I cannot tell you," she said. "And he is Bernard Yorke, Sir Terence's son! Oh, it seems impossible! And it is I who have turned him out of his home! I!"

St. John could not understand anything of this, much less the sad emphasis of the "I."

"You knew him before you met him here," he said, "and yet you did not know his name? How was that? I do not understand! It all seems a tangle, a confusion; and did not seem to know yours! Can you tell me nothing, explain nothing, Christine? Forgive me if I seem curious! It is not idle curiosity. Ah, but you know that! You know that anything that concerns you, the least, the most trifling thing, and more especially if it causes you trouble, is of intense interest to me. I would lay down my life—ah, it is no figure of speech only, Christine—to save you from an hour's pain or sadness. Will you not tell me? Let me help you! What is it?"

"I cannot tell you," she said, averting her face from his anxious, imploring eyes. "I can tell no one. I—I did know Mr. Yorke. We have met. Ah, I cannot tell you any more?"

St. John's face went white. He thought he could see a glimmer of light, and it was a sad, ominous light for him.

"I think I can guess."

"Do not!"

"I think I can understand. You—you told me, admitted when I asked you to be my wife, Christine, that there was someone else, some other man whom you loved, and that he——"

She stopped him with a passionate gesture.

"You shall not say any more!" she said with deep agitation. "Take me back! Let me go back to the concert-room! This place is stifling, the scent of the flowers is suffocating me, the birds deafening."

And a few moments before it had been Paradise! How true it is that the heart makes its own heaven and its own hell!

"Yes," he said very slowly and huskily. "I will say no more. Come!" And he drew her hand through his arm—she trembled like a leaf—and he led her away.

A moment or two afterwards a tall, thin gentleman rose from a seat behind the arbor. He had an unlit cigarette between his fingers, and he turned it over and over, gazing at it thoughtfully, with a peculiar smile upon his face, with his thick lids half drawn over his light grey eyes.

Then, at last, he lit the cigarette, and clasping his hands behind his head, leant back with an air of indolent satisfaction.

It was Lord Stoyle, and from where he sat he could not have failed to have heard every word that had been spoken in the arbor behind him.

The guests were making their way back to the concert-room for the second part of the programme, and St. John and Nance found themselves in the stream passing through the marble lobby.

They were not allowed to pass unnoticed. Sir Terence had been asked questions respecting the beautiful girl with the violet eyes and red-gold hair, and it was not only Lady Grandison who desired to know her.

She found herself in the centre of a little crowd, all of whom—the men especially—were anxious to make acquaintance with the girl who was evidently the coming queen. She fought hard for composure, and St. John was surprised at the self-possession she displayed—she whom, only a short time since, he had found in tears and profound agitation.

"It is well for women that they have the power to conceal their emotions," he thought. He, himself, was still pale and preoccupied.

Lady Grandison was apt to take sudden fancies, and she took one to Nance.

"Will you come and sit beside me, Miss Harwood?" she said. "I think your seats are a little too near the orchestra; and I want to hear which you like best—Chopin or Greig."

"I know nothing of either," said Nance; "I neither play nor sing, though I am very fond of music."

Lady Grandison was not daunted.

"I am rather glad," she said with a smile; "most persons do both nowadays, and, unfortunately, most persons do them indifferently. What are wanted are good and appreciative listeners, and you will be welcomed to the ranks. Come along; it will be a treat to me to explain and instruct."

As they passed down the hall to Lady Grandison's seat, Felicia Damerel happened to look up and see them.

She started, and, with every vestige of color gone from her face, started at Nance.

"What an extraordinary resemblance!" was her first thought. It did not seem possible that Nance Grey—the lace girl she succeeded in saving Bernard from—could be there, there at Grandison House. Still more impossible that she should be seated beside the countess herself, an honored, markedly honored, guest.

But as she looked she saw that it was not merely a coincidental resemblance; she saw that it was Nance Grey herself.

With a faint cry she half rose, then sank back into her seat, and clutching its arms, whispered, "Who is it? Who is it?"

Someone close behind her spoke softly. She started and looked round, and met Lord Stoyle's light eyes regarding her with an evil smile.

She shrank back, looking at him sideways.

"You!" she said, in a low voice. "Where—where is Sir Terence, and Bernard, Mr. Yorke?"

"Mr. Yorke has left," he said, fingering his chin and looking down at her with pitiless enjoyment of her agitation. "I heard him tell Sir Terence that he had just remembered an important engagement. He has left the house. You were asking who someone was. Can I assist you? Who was it——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT Eaton, Ohio, John Quill, aged 75 years, insisted that his daughter should not wear bloomers. His wife thought differently and they had a quarrel, she attempting to pull his whiskers out. Not succeeding, she cut them off. But the old people are now under the care of a physician, owing to the severity of the fight.

JUROR: "How do you know the prisoner made a great disturbance?" Policeman: "He woke me up."

AN IDLER'S REVERIE.

BY W. S.

The air is quivering with a dreamy haze—
A robe of mist—scarce visible, that broods
Upon the moorland, skirting silent woods
Whose feathered minstrels hush a while their lays,
As sol pours down his ardent noontide rays
Upon the stilly earth. The zephyr sleeps,
And, save where cautiously a field-mouse creeps,

No sign of life the heather grass betrays,
All Nature is becalmed and motionless—
The very leaves no movement have. And I
Indulge the while in listless idleness,
Deeming no sound of busy worker nigh.
Vain thought, rebuked by Nature's self at last—
A honey-laden bee hums gaily past!

The Two Fingers.

BY T. B. C.

AT THE extremity of a little hamlet, situated no great distance from Tours, on the road between Paris and Bordeaux, was to be seen a few years back a pretty little inn, with whitewashed walls and a swinging signboard. Extensive gardens surrounded it and shut it out from the neighboring houses. Thus isolated, and rendered still more striking by its freshly decorated exterior, still farther set off by window blinds of a bright green, it broke upon the eye of the traveler like one of those pleasant villas that adorn the picturesque shores of the Loire.

It is not then to be wondered at that it should be the favorite resting-place for travelers, the chosen hostelry of postilions and conductors, the most approved rendezvous for wealthy traders, whom pleasure or business might conduct to its locality. Nor did the interior of the inn belie the inviting aspect of its exterior. At the top, the snuggest bed-rooms were to let; on the ground floor the dining-room and the kitchen with its wide fire-place, the two separated by a passage leading to the outer door. Everywhere neatness and order reigned paramount.

It was in the kitchen of the White House—for so the inn was named—that on a cold and rainy evening, in the month of November, 1818, M. Ebrard, the landlord, and his three children, in company with one of their neighbors, were seated round a bright wood fire, discoursing of their affairs, and enjoying the puffs of heat emitted by the glowing embers.

"Only listen to the rain!" said M. Ebrard, after a silence of more than usual duration. "This is the third day that it has poured incessantly, and there seems no likelihood of a change. I looked at the clouds this evening, and they were as watery as ever! Marie, go and fetch us another bottle of our particular—you know, on the left, at the bottom of the cellar."

At these words, uttered in a rash and imperious tone, Marie instantly roused herself from a sort of reverie into which she seemed to have fallen; she first threw a vague and indetermined glance upon him who had thus abruptly summoned her; then recalling, as by an inward effort, the injunction of M. Ebrard, she rose, and left the apartment without uttering a word.

Whoever had observed the young girl whilst she lighted her lamp, repaired to the cellar, and brought thence the wine, could not fail to have been struck with the immobility of her coutenance, whilst her deep reverie had caused her to resemble a statue of marble—beautiful, indeed, with features delicately formed, and outlines gracefully delineated, but as inanimate and cold as the block whence they seemed hewn. And it was on that account that M. Ebrard pursued her constantly with his reproaches, and wearied her with his gross pleasantries, for M. Ebrard was not the father of Marie. She was the daughter of a rich merchant, who had died a bankrupt; and her mother married M. Ebrard in the hope of insuring a home and protection for herself and her helpless child.

"Come on, come on!" said the landlord, as soon as he saw Marie returning from the cellar. "Only just look at that face of hers! Does she not remind me of a picture of the Magdalene, with her great black eyes, and air of patient resignation?"

"Your health, M. Ebrard," rejoined the neighbor, arming himself with a glass three parts full.

At this moment two knocks were heard on the outer door, and the hands of the innkeeper and his comrade were suddenly arrested in the very act of lifting their glasses to their lips. Marie gave a nervous start, that almost caused her to leap out of her chair.

"Who can it be at such an hour of the night?" said Ebrard. "It is no traveler, unless the diligence is greatly behind time; and besides——"

Two knocks, more violent than before, resounded through the kitchen. The landlord rose uneasily, took a lamp, crossed the passage that led to the outer door, and before opening it, demanded, in a firm voice, "Who's there?"

"A traveler; open quickly!" was the response from the outside.

"What do you want?" said the landlord.

"What do I want?" repeated the voice outside. "Why, a supper and a bed, to be sure. Open the door, will you?"

"Don't get in a passion," said Ebrard, drawing back the bolt, and turning the key in the lock. "Walk in, sir! You come at a rather unreasonable hour; and as the country is over-run with robbers, we are apt to be cautious about opening the door late at night."

So saying, he held the lamp under the very nose of his guest, and the contemplation seemed sufficiently reassuring, for he bowed respectfully, closed the door, and taking the portmanteau of the stranger on his back, marshalled the way towards the kitchen, lamp in hand.

As soon as the traveler had disencumbered himself of his cloak, saturated with rain and mud, he seated himself beside the fire, opposite the young girl whom he had remarked on entering. His first care was to call for some supper; adding, "I must beg of you to be quick about it, for, as I wish to start very early in the morning by the —— diligence, I should be glad to get to rest early."

"Your supper shall be ready in ten minutes," said Ebrard; "but excuse me, sir: you might, I should have thought, have reached —— by the diligence you have just left, without quitting it, and stopping here only to set out again to-morrow morning."

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Landlord," said the traveler, "or rather you are timid; for it is a vestige of fear and suspicion that now haunts you. Let it suffice, then, for you to know, and to quiet your fears, that my family reside in a small neighboring town, and that by continuing my journey in the diligence I should have arrived at home in the middle of the night, which I desired to avoid; while by stopping at your house, I can, by means of the diligence which starts at six to-morrow, arrive in the morning. Does that appear sufficiently satisfactory to you?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered the landlord, a little confused by the pointed and meaning tone with which the young man had replied to his impertinent questioning.

There was a silence of some minutes, during which the eyes of Marie and the young man met often. Some strange and novel sensation was certainly passing through the young girl's heart; for her face, ordinarily so pale, had become suffused with a roseate tinge; her demeanor, before so calm and tranquil, was embarrassed and confused; a scarcely perceptible emotion seemed to have taken possession of her whole being. She was, however, aroused from this fresh reverie by the rough voice of Ebrard announcing supper. The traveler placed himself at the table, and twenty minutes sufficed for the repast.

"Marie," said Ebrard, "light a candle and show the gentleman to his room."

The poor girl obeyed, and the young man followed her to the first story.

"You are not that man's daughter," said he, as soon as he found himself alone with Marie.

"No, sir," she replied, and her face became crimson.

"I could have sworn it," said he; "only from your white and delicate hands, and the modest blush that suffuses your face at this moment." Then, after a moment's silence, he asked, "Have you many visitors in the house?"

"You are the only one this evening," she replied.

"Your name, mademoiselle, I beg?" said he.

"Marie, sir," she replied.

Both were silent, and it would have been a curious thing to observe this gay sub-lieutenant on leave, this young man with all the ardent and unbridled passions of youth, speechless and spell-bound before a woman, a simple girl, the attendant of an humble road side inn. Oh, matchless power of innocence and virtue! for it was the timid look, the modest demeanor of Marie, that had led him to divine what she really was; one glance had been sufficient to convince him that had he dared lay a profane hand upon her, a single word from the young girl's lips would have sufficed to hurl him back into his former attitude of respectful homage.

"Does monsieur require anything more?" asked Marie with visible effort.

"No, I thank you," was the young man's sole response.

They wished each other good night, and Marie did not once raise her downcast eyes, but precipitately quitting the chamber, descended the stairs, almost stumbling at every step.

The young man remained petrified, his eyes fixed upon the door, and he gave himself up to a deep fit of musing. A burning brand falling from the fireplace to his feet, with a crackling noise, aroused him from his meditation. A quarter of an hour of positive existence sufficed to dissolve the charm. Nothing remained but astonishment at having found so fair a face and form beneath the rude shelter of an obscure inn. It was one of those mysteries to be met with sometimes in life, an undecipherable hieroglyphic.

When Marie re-entered the kitchen she found another stranger there. He was a man about forty or forty-five years of age; strong and athletic, with large coarse hands, and brawny shoulders. His face was tolerably good-looking, notwithstanding that his hair, sprinkled with gray, and plastered down upon his forehead, imparted a singularly Jesuitical expression to his countenance, heightened, moreover, by a peculiar ambiguity in his eyes. The sole question he addressed to the landlord at his supper was, "Am I the only traveler in your inn?"

"You will have a next-door neighbor, sir," was the reply; "a young man who arrived this evening, and who seems a perfect gentleman."

The stranger became thoughtful, and his brow clouded. After a few moments' reflection he said—

"Take care to call me at seven, for I must be at Tours before noon. By the way," he added, "you must procure me a horse; and mind it is ready betimes."

To each of these injunctions Ebrard replied by a sign of acquiescence, and then placed a candle in the hands of Marie, who conducted the new-comer to his chamber.

The young man was in bed, but his candle was still burning. Agitated and disturbed by the passing emotion which had swept across his heart, he had not as yet been able to yield him up to the influence of sleep, whose balm he so much needed, to soothe the fatigues of a two days' journey. All at once an idea took possession of his mind; he rose, sought for a key in the pocket of his waistcoat, opened his trunk, and took thence his sword, which he placed at the head of his bed. That done, he betook himself to his couch.

The old kitchen clock had just struck the midnight hour; all the house was doubtless buried in a profound sleep, excepting Marie, whose head and brain seemed to throb with a confusion of ideas equally novel and strange, and who, in her innocence, strove vainly to account to herself for the tumultuous feelings that possessed her.

At this instant the young man was awakened by a noise similar to that of a key turning in a lock. He listened, and hearing nothing more, persuaded himself that he had been only dreaming, and went to sleep again; but again he was awakened, and this time he was not mistaken, for there really was some one seeking to enter his room. He rose, took his sword, and, although his candle was extinguished, he crept silently towards the door, near which he crouched down to watch the event. At the end of five minutes the noise ceased; he thought the design of penetrating to his apartment had been abandoned, as he had double-locked the door, and it must have been very difficult to open it, when, chancing involuntarily to cast his eyes down, he perceived by the light of the moon, which shone brightly through the window panes, a hand gliding into the space left between the floor and the room door, and striving to lift the latter off its hinges. He raised his weapon above his head, and, letting it fall with all his strength, brought it down upon the hand just as it was about to disappear. A stifled cry was heard, then a fearful blasphemy, half articulated, and lastly, a light sound, as of some one retiring, and which gradually melted in the silence of the night. Two bleeding fingers remained on the threshold.

The young man ran to the fireplace, where a few embers yet burnt; his candle lighted, he could contemplate the hideous trophy of his victory. After the first moment of surprise, he picked up the two fingers, washed them carefully, and staunched the blood with his handkerchief.

"It must be confessed," said he to himself, "that I was very lucky to have thought of my sword."

Then, attentively examining the fingers, he added—

"Rather a white hand for a thief!—and the nails tolerably clean!"

So saying, he wrapped the two fingers up in a handkerchief, and returned to bed with the utmost coolness, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Another quarter of an hour, and he was sleeping soundly.

It was not yet daylight when the landlord came to awaken the young man, who was set forth at six o'clock. When the latter, having first cast a glance at Ebrard's hands, related to him, half jocularly, the event of the night, and shown him the blood which had stained the threshold of the door, the honest innkeeper turned pale and trembled; but speedily recovering himself, his first movement was to repair to the apartment of the stranger who had arrived last, to see if it were still tenanted.

He found the door open, entered, drew the bed curtains, but saw no one. Some traces of blood guided him to the window, which he found also open; he looked out, and in the garden beheld the heavy footmarks of some one escaping in the direction of the high road. So that M. Ebrard, notwithstanding the confusion that now reigned in his poor brain, had still presence of mind sufficient to enable him to draw the reasonable inference, and admit the profound conviction, that the mutilated robber was no other than the pretended traveler whom he had harbored the preceding night.

It would be difficult to paint the truly lamentable condition of poor Ebrard after the fatal discovery. We need only say he regained his self-possession sufficiently to repair to the Commissioner of Police to make his deposition, and relate on his way to all his acquaintances, and with an air of the most utter bewilderment, *the* fearful tragedy of which his house had been the theatre.

The young traveler arrived at his paternal mansion about noon; and, as he was quite unexpected, he was welcomed by an explosion of joy and tender exclamations. His mother bestowed a few soft tears upon him, while his sisters threw their arms about his neck, caressing him, and contemplating him with joy and satisfaction.

"But where is my father?" said he, at length extricating himself from the stringent embrace of his younger sister.

"You are aware" said his mother, "that he is accustomed to be often absent from home. He left three days ago for a little town in the neighborhood; but we are expecting him to-day."

"And is my father still as taciturn and gloomy as ever?" he asked.

"Alas, yes!" they replied; "you would imagine him incessantly pursued by some dread fatality; but your arrival, so unlooked for as it is, cannot fail to gladden and cheer him."

As soon as the young man was seated, questions of all sorts assailed him, so greatly was the curiosity of his family excited to learn every particular of his life since he had quitted the paternal roof.

"And you met with no accident on your journey?" asked his mother.

"No, not exactly an accident," he replied; "but a somewhat singular event occurred to me last night, as you shall hear."

He then related his night of agitation and blood, and they listened, horror-struck, for the tone in which he spoke convinced them of the truth of his recital. "Oh! I had nearly forgotten," said he, at the termination of his tale, "to mention that I brought away irrefragable proofs of my victory."

As he spoke he put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a handkerchief, in which something seemed to be carefully wrapped up. At the same moment the door of the apartment opened, and a man, with a pale and disordered countenance, with travel-stained garments, and tottering gait, entered.

"My father! my dear father!" cried the young man, rushing into his arms, "we are all then now reunited."

So saying, he stretched out his hand to his father, but no answering hand met his in return. For the first time he perceived

that it was enveloped in a blood-stained cloth.

"What do I see!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that you are wounded?"

"Yes—yes," said his father. "To night, as I was crossing a forest some leagues from hence, I was attacked by robbers. I endeavored to defend myself, and in the struggle I had the mishap to lose two of my fingers; but do not let that distress you."

All at once the youngest of the sisters, who had picked up the handkerchief which his father's arrival had caused the young man to drop, opened it, and, uttering a piercing shriek, exclaimed—

"Mamma, two fingers wrapped up in Frederick's handkerchief!"

At these astounding words a deep silence of terror and dismay ensued. A thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of this family; all felt there was an assassin amongst them. An hour later, and the father of Frederick was in the hands of justice; for their children, in their despair and horror, had not bethought themselves of urging him to fly.

On the 20th of December the Court of Assize at Tours was thronged with crowds of the curious, who flocked from all parts, and were conversing eagerly on the important business of the day. Every countenance expressed joy and impatience. It was but natural; a father was about to be tried for having attempted to assassinate his son! Poor public! such a treat as this so rarely occurs!

The jurors had just taken their seats, the father of Frederick was in the prisoner's dock; the trial was going to commence.

After the reading of the accusation, the judge proceeded to the hearing of the witnesses. Jean Antoine Ebrard was called; but he had died the beginning of the month. Then a young girl came forward, dressed in black, and carefully concealing her features beneath the folds of a large silk mantilla. It was Marie. She raised her hand, tremblingly, and when asked if she recognized the person of the accused, she replied no. She shrunk not from falsehood for the sake of the father of Frederick.

The depositions of the other witnesses were overwhelming; but the most important of all, that of the innkeeper, which would alone have sufficed for the condemnation of the accused, was wanting.

After the attorney-general, the counsel for the prisoner spoke. He endeavored to prove an alibi. By his account, it was impossible to prove that the accused had slept at the inn on the night of the event, since the only person who could have seen him declared that she did not know him.

"No," said he, in conclusion, "the accused has been a victim, and is not guilty; it is by the knife of assassins that he has been thus mutilated, and not by the sword of his son."

"And as a proof," cried a hollow voice from the midst of the crowd of auditors, "behold the relics which I have kept ever since!"

At the same moment two fingers rolled on to the desk of the presiding judge, and were passed to lawyers, advocates and jurors, and all were able to convince themselves that they had belonged to the left hand, whilst the accused had been wounded on the right.

Three days afterwards Frederick was dead. Mortification had taken place in the wound which he himself, to save the life of his unworthy parent, had inflicted on his left hand.

The following Sunday, at the hour when the evening mists begin to descend upon earth, a young girl was seen advancing towards the cemetery, her head enveloped in a long, dark mantle. She knelt on one of the tombs, that bitter, wintry night, and prayed long and earnestly; and when the grave-digger came in the morning to visit his domain, he found her frozen. Poor Marie was dead!

On a Housetop.

BY L. C.

I HAVE a garden on my roof, in the very midst of our new Babylon, of which I am as proud as the ancient Babylonians were of their hanging ones; and, although I may not, like the Israelites of old, be able to sit under the shadow of my own fig-tree or eat of the fruit of my own vine, yet fig and vine leaves refresh my eyes and form a background of glossy green for the golden-petalled sunflower and the blue hanging bells of the convolvuli which, despite London smoke and winds that blow from all points of the compass with a fury unknown in the street below, flourish with satisfactory vigor.

From my height I can see the busy and crowded thoroughfare adown which Doctor Johnson delighted to take a walk; the Thames, threading its way along the tree-planted embankment, looking like an unwound roll of silver ribbon; the green Surrey hills, with the Crystal Palace glistening in the sun—a diamond in a setting of emeralds; whilst around and below—I have nothing that towers above me—are chimney-pots, which, like Sennacherib's army or the stones of Stonehenge, are so numerous that no man can number them.

The stage on which my drama was enacted lies just as far below and from me as does the stage of the Strand Theatre from its upper boxes. It is the roof a house running parallel with mine, from which it is separated by a gulf some twenty feet wide and sixty feet deep, underneath which roof is the window of a room occupied by a fair fragile woman some two or three and twenty years of age.

This window, an unusually wide one, was, during the summer months, generally open, and thus I got to know almost as much of my opposite neighbor as though I had been on visiting terms with her; and the first sounds which greeted my ears on awakening were the singing of her canaries or the rippling laughter of her little child; for she has, or rather—Heaven help her, poor woman!—had a little girl of about four years old, her one ewe lamb. Oftentimes, too, the first sight to greet my eyes on pulling up my blind was the mother's pretty placid face and perfect figure bending over the few pots of mignonette, heliotrope and geraniums which adorned her window-sill, and which she tended with a loving care that completely won my heart.

In the bow of the window was placed a table, upon which the greater part of the duties and pleasures of the little household were performed—where the sewing and ironing were done, the meals eaten, and the child's playthings and picture-books laid out.

Almost every day a pair of Cinderella-like shoes, covered with some white preparation that made them shine like satin, were put beside the flower-pots to dry in the sun, and equally often a short puffed-out white muslin skirt appeared upon the ironing board. From this, and the fact that often after midnight I heard the child's voice welcoming the return of the mother home, I inferred that she was a dancer at some theatre.

Next door to her lived a policeman, his wife and their son, as noisy and disreputable an urchin as the most energetic school-board teacher would desire to reform, the antithesis of the dancer's child, for whom I can find no fitter simile than the old one, that she was as bright and clean as a new pin.

In the absence of their respective parents, Master Tom would visit his little neighbor by climbing along the gutter which ran beneath both their windows; and she was too pleased to get a playfellow to object to his manners being rough, his face dirty, his hair unkempt, or his clothes tattered. He was not so favorably received by the mother, who appeared to have an innate horror of anything unclean, and her appearance was always a signal for his beating a speedy retreat.

One afternoon I was engaged in syringing my last acquisition, a young feathery silver birch, whose foliage some one has aptly described as the dust of leaf-land, when my attention was attracted by shouts of childish glee; and, on looking over my low parapet, I saw that the two children had, by the aid of a pair of steps—which I assumed Master Tom had brought with him and placed in the gutter—clambered on to their roof, which, unlike mine, was not flat, but slightly sloping, and without any protection in the shape of a balustrade. They were playing at soldiers and robbers; and Tom, as the robber, armed with a wooden sword, was, in the excitement of the moment, driving his companion, who carried a toy gun, to the very verge of the roof.

In the whole course of my life never has horror so completely taken possession of me as it did at that moment. I felt as though I must cry out, and yet knew that the slightest unexpected sound might startle the child and hasten the calamity I wished to avert. It gave me positive physical pain to restrain the warning that was on my lips, issuing from them.

Nearer and nearer to the edge came the little victim; and, to add to the horror of the scene, the face of the mother, pale with fear, now appeared at the window. She could not see her child, but the infantine cries of excitement and delight told her where she was, and, without knowing, as I did, the extremity of the danger, struck her motionless with fear for her safety. The canaries were singing in their cages; to me their song was as a requiem.

The same desire that possessed me to cry aloud made me long to close my eyes and shut out the fearful sight; but what seemed like a mesmeric power kept them fixed upon the roof where the two children were at play. The white face at the window opposite caught sight of mine, and read the horror depicted on it.

It was as though the mother had gazed upon the head of a Medusa and been turned by it to stone. A look of piteous entreaty, as if for me to save her child, passed into it ere it became rigid.

A few moments' suspense, and all was over; the child's foot slipped, and her short but perilous descent began. She saw her peril, and her little chubby cheeks whitened as her tiny dimpled hands grasped, with the innate love of life, at the rough slates. A cry, not from the child—she was too paralyzed with fear to utter a sound—but from the agonized mother, rang through the air as something fell past the window, almost within arm's length of her, a cry which, for intense agony, might have vied with that of the Jewish king who, centuries ago, cried, "Oh that I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

The figure at the window tottered and fell back senseless upon the floor of the room almost at the moment that the body of the child reached the stone-paved yard beneath, bruised and motionless. In less time than it has taken to relate the catastrophe all life had been crushed out of the child's body, all brightness out of the mother's life.

* * * * * *

A year has elapsed; the flowers on the window-sill are dead, and the cage where the birds sang so blithely is empty.

The window is open, as I can see the forms of a doctor and a Sister of Mercy tending a sick-bed within. Instinctively I feel that they are telling their patient she will be soon strong again, and are trying to cheer her with kind words. But a kinder and a more authoritative voice than theirs also bids her be of good cheer. He knows there is but one way to wipe away all tears from the bereaved mother's eyes, and tells her she shall soon rejoin her baby-girl.

AN IMPERTINENT INQUIRY.—Once General Burgoyne was returning from an election, at which he had been a candidate, he stopped for refreshment at an inn where some "trotters," or persons who habitually quizzed others, were regaling in the bar, while he and his friends left the carriage at the door and went upstairs. His presence becoming known, one of the trotters, one of the adverse party in politics, determined to play off a little trick on the general, whose intellect he chose to undervalue. He accordingly handed his watch, a handsome gold one, to the waiter, ordering him to take it to the general, and ask him if he could tell what time of the day it was, for the information of a gentleman below, but forbidding him to give his name. The waiter executed his not very agreeable mission, and in answer to the inquiries of the insulted party, admitted that the owner of the watch was one of the company in the bar. "Fetch my pistols," said the general to his valet, who hastened to the traveling-case and brought them up on a tray. The general took the tray in his hand, placed the watch between the two pistols, and stepping down to the bar, asked each individual there the important question whether that watch was his. In every instance "No" was the reply. "Then," said the general, "it is mine—at all events till it is claimed; and when its owner wants it he will apply for it—in his own name of course!" He pocketed the watch, and it is believed to be in his family to this day.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.—Italian workmen are, as a rule, not fond of strikes; they usually resort to other means to get what they want. A company of Italian navvies, engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany, had their wages reduced. They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch off the end of his shovel. In reply to the engineer who took them to task about it, one of them said: "Not so much pay, not lift so much earth. So much longer last work. Italian no fool like German. Italian no strike."

Scientific and Useful.

MUSIC LEAF TURNER.—An automatic electric music-leaf turner is to be shortly placed before the public. It can be easily attached to any piano-music rack, and is operated by touching a button with the foot.

MINERAL IVORY.—Mineral ivory paper can be made by mixing three parts of calcined alabaster gypsum with one fourth of marshmallows powder, and adding water so as to form a paste, which is rolled out to half a millimetre in thickness and then attached by a solution of glue to a paper back.

AT SEA.—A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electro-magnetic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to set up an instantaneous peal of bells.

BACTERIA AS INCENDIARIES.—Experiments made regarding the cause of "spontaneous combustion" of masses of cotton, grass, tobacco, etc., have led to the conclusion that it is due to the fermentation caused by bacteria. No perceptible rise in temperature takes place in heaps of cotton, whether dry or moist, when bacteria are carefully excluded.

BULLETS.—At a recent test with the new Lebel cartridges, in France, a bullet discharged at an advancing bull is said to have struck the animal's shoulder and reappeared at the tail, completely traversing its body; the large bones were pierced with round holes without being splintered. It is stated by a military authority present at the time that the bullet would have passed through eight men in a row.

JUMBO WHEELS.—In Western Kansas and other cyclone regions of the west they are utilizing their inconveniences in a characteristic American way. By the use of "Jumbo wheels," something like the Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, or like the paddle-wheel of a stern-wheel steamboat, they get 100 horse-power out of a 15-mile wind. This force they are using for irrigating purposes, and there are those who think that the Jumbo wheel has such a future that it is likely to make farming profitable in the whole arid region.

Farm and Garden.

BOYS AND ANIMALS.—Give the boy an animal now and then for his own, and teach him to care for it in a way which will make it of the most value. Practical lessons go farther than words. There is no surer way to keep the boy at home and in love with the farm than to get him interested in the live stock.

TREES.—Plant fruit trees in the fall, because the weather is less fickle and you have more time to devote to such work; the nursery men are not so busy, and get your orders out in better shape. If climate is too severe, they may be safely heeled in until spring, if done properly.

BY-PRODUCTS.—One can better utilize the by-products with stock of varied tastes and requirements. Diversification in this line is as good as in crops. A farm will be able to carry more stock and produce more of marketable value if you have different classes of animals than if confined wholly to one sort.

THE BEE.—The bee when out foraging never acts on the offensive—always on the defensive. But when its hive is likely to be disturbed, or its honey, or when excited by disagreeable odors; or by persons standing in its range of flight; or by striking at it or pinching it, etc., its action may be both defensive and offensive.

WINTER FRUIT.—Fruit intended for winter keeping should be allowed to sweat before being finally stored away. This is done by allowing it to remain in piles for a short time, varying according to the kind of fruit, and extending, in the case of apples, to a fortnight or more. Surplus moisture exudes through the skin.

FARMS.—In selecting a farm the subsoil should receive due consideration. It ought to be nearly, or quite, as rich in mineral matter as that near the surface. If possible it should have drains of water running through it. If any impervious clay, it will need more thorough draining than if mixed with gravel. If sand, it will hold nothing, will be easy to exhaust and hard to renovate.

A CONSTANT COUGH WITH FAILING STRENGTH, and wasting of flesh, are symptoms denoting Pulmonary organs more or less seriously affected. You will find a safe remedy for all Lung or Throat ills in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

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The Power Of Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; and it is well that it does, for hope is not only the anchor, but the fount and spring, the very essence and origin of energy in life. It is desirable that this should be recognized at the outset of a new period of time, for which new plans have probably been laid down and new force of purpose and enterprise is required. Without hope there could be no striving, and without striving there would be no progress. Even if hope be little better than a Will o'-the-wisp, and lead us into the slough of disappointment at last, it will have done good service while it lasted by stirring our life-blood and luring us onward in the path which all must tread, whether with heavily dragging or lightly bounding feet, from the cradle to the grave. It is better to go easily and hopefully than to walk with leaden step heartlessly, because hopelessly, to the end.

Hope in the heart gives the vigor of life to the whole being, and makes self-respect and duty the moving power of a prosperous existence. We cannot stand still if we have hope. It is impossible that our knees should tremble greatly or our hands hang helplessly by our sides if hope animates and inspires us. The mistake many persons make, to their grevious loss and injury, lies in making particular hopes the source of their energy. Hope is one thing, hopes are quite another.

A man may have hope in his life, without knowing precisely what he intends to do or to strive for. It is well to have a set purpose. Without an object to fix the eye upon, it is always difficult and generally impossible to pursue a straight course steadily; and, unless we do move forward steadily, there can be no momentum in life and little real consistency in conduct or policy. Nevertheless it is an error in self-management to make the hope of success in any special enterprise a condition of happiness or interest. If failure occur to the man who has made a particular hope his life's object, it is inevitable that he should be disheartened by disappointment. The secret of success lies in the power of enduring with little loss of mind-strength the shock of a reverse and surmounting the obstacle it throws in the way of progress.

When disappointment produces despondency, there has been something amiss in the previous discipline of self; and, when a diligent search is made for the real source of weakness, it will nearly always be found in the mistake of making the ground of hope particular instead of general. That mind is happy and prepared for all that may befall it which has hope as its inspiring passion and can take a hopeful view of the direct misfortune or emergency. It was said of the nation's army under Washington that it did not know when it was beaten. This is another way of expressing the idea of hopefulness so all-pervading and independent of circumstances that it cannot be crushed by the failure of any particular endeavor.

Incurable diseases may be outlived by the power of hope. It not unfrequently happens that good recoveries are made by persons who have been condemned of the faculty, and, when this happens, hope is nearly always the savior. Keeping up a good heart under the affliction of disease is like taking in fresh supplies of vital strength at short intervals; and, while this process can be carried on, Death is often cheated of its prey. How many are there now in good working health, living useful lives, who would have perished years ago but for the power of hope!

This is a power which every one possesses. The poor have it as well as the rich. It is not dependent on circumstances, and flourishes quite as well in adversity as in prosperity, sometimes even better. Its virtue is self-contained and always within the reach of any sufferer. Indeed the most sturdy and vitalizing form of hope is that which thrives in the shade, often under the shadow of a great affliction. When hope springs up in barren places, it does not perish for lack of sustenance; it finds its own source of supply within it, and is a power in itself.

There is no better gift to bestow on the miserable than hope. It will brighten the dull eye, quicken the weak and failing pulse, stir the brain to energy, and infuse the force of vitality into every drooping member. He who brings hope is always welcome; and there is nothing else half so precious in itself or so well worth bestowing any pains to compass.

Why go about telling people to despair for time or eternity? Why gloat over the ugly burden of a saddening and doleful tale? Better far be silent than speak so that hope dies out in the mind of the listener. Even the bravest heart must quail and sink when hope dies. Just crossing, as we are, the threshold of another year, let us all hope, even though it be against hope. Hope never slew any victim or wasted aught of strength. Hope is power, the power of hope, than which no power shared by our common humanity is more potent.

Albeit telling men and women to "hope against hope" may seem as bootless counsel as bidding the hungry to be fed or the naked clothed, it is not as a mere sentiment we urge the need and wisdom and duty of hoping. The frame of mind in which hope is cherished is one that promotes health and stimulates energy. It has a power of restoration treasured up in itself which it is ever ready to impart to the organism over which the mind dominates. The precept that enjoins hope is more than a direction; it gives the power to do what it commands.

When we say to our readers, Begin the time with hope, we tell them that there is ground for hope, that hope is possible, that they can live on "the power of hope" if they will. We care not who reads these lines; however great the emergency, however apparently hopeless the circumstances and conditions of life may be, we say that there is hope, and that hope has within it a power which is of itself a fount and treasury of mental and physical vitality. Then cherish hope, and live in and by it.

THE family must have a common home, a united interest, a bond of affection and duty, drawing all the members together after their separate labors, and making the welfare of each the happiness of all and the distress of each the sorrow of all. Without this they are not truly a family, but merely a collection of units, like grains of sand that happen to be temporarily near each other, and may as easily be driven asunder. Yet there must also be expansiveness. It must stretch forth its tenurils beyond the home, must exercise hospitality, must be a power for good in society.

WHATEVER a man admires has a good deal to do with the formation of his character; he will wish—though perhaps unconsciously—to imitate it and incorporate it into his own life as far as possible, and thus it will supply an ideal, a standard to aim at. Whether this standard shall be more or less elevated is evidently a very serious consideration, and much discrimination is needed as to the persons, qualities and other objects on which unqualified approval may safely be bestowed.

MOST persons are continually looking forward to a time when all their surroundings will be satisfactory as compared with the present; but that time never comes. The perfection of contentment ever eludes them. They may be happier in some respects, perhaps in most respects, to-day than they were yesterday; but something wished for is always wanting.

Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the store houses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it springs up over the green turf?

I RESPECT the man who distinctly knows what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world, arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to build a hut.

THE universal search after truth slackens with us all when it touches the individual; and that nature is exceptional in its simplicity of conscientiousness which faithfully examines into its own morals and does not seek to cover up a defect by the specious reasonings of self-excuse.

LET every youth regard it as a fact that he must make his own character. It is a work which God has wisely consigned to him. No other can do it for him. Character is the unseen spirit-garment that his own thoughts and feelings weave about his soul with invisible fingers.

IN the depths of the sea the waters are still. The heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable, and the most impressive preacher is the silent one whose lips are closed.

AN honest reputation is within the reach of all men; it can be obtained by the practice of social virtue, and by doing one's duty. This kind of reputation is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is the most useful for happiness.

WHEN we see what a man is, we should not ask how he was educated. The fruits of a tree afford a better test of its condition than a statement of the composts used in dressing it.

LABOR is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfil nothing without labor.

THE three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.

ACTIVITY is the essential condition of growth, and growth is the only sure token of life and power.

DISGUST and aversion are the unavoidable consequences of the constant pursuit of pleasure.

IT is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS

G. G. M.—"Amid" and "amidst" "among" and "amongst," are of equal value, and euphony alone makes the selection as to the use of one or the other.

H. J. W.—Bay rum and bay water are synonymous. In perfumery, "water" is a technical term for "liquid;" hence we have eau de Cologne and Hungary water; but they not contain any of the veritable aqua pura.

H. M. H.—Hydrofluoric acid is the material used for embossing glass. The glass must be covered with a stratum of melted wax. The pattern required is then engraved on to the wax down to the glass, and then the acid is applied.

C. G. S.—Ordinary black India-rubber can be joined by pressing together the freshly-cut edges. Vulcanized rubber would require the edges to be moistened with India rubber solution—to be purchased of rubber dealers—and then strongly pressed together for some hours.

CARINA.—1. The Italian proverb "Tal padrone, tal servitore" means "Like master, like man," and is applicable in many countries. 2. "Dolce far niente" means "It is sweet to do nothing," which may suit lazy Italians, but to energetic people doing nothing is one of the most difficult things imaginable.

PETER.—The Jews mourn for the dead with closed doors, sitting on the floor, and are dependent upon their friends during the days of mourning for the very food they put into their mouths. From them probably the early Christians derived the custom of closing the house upon the occurrence of a death.

IRRES.—We fear there are many people who feel like you—"I never can make up my mind; and my life is miserable." Nothing except rigid training will drive away irresolution. The first point is to make up your mind as to what is best, and then, having put down that decision as a certainty that is not to be rediscussed, to go on doggedly carrying it out as you would play a game or fight a battle.

ROVER.—Certainly take lessons in singing if you have a voice worth cultivating, a good ear, and musical taste; but do not begin with the primary object of making money by your singing. The expression of emotion by the voice, whether in singing or reading, is one of the most delightful of gifts, and ought not to be neglected or undervalued; neither ought it be regarded as a means of mining money. A modern novelist has confessed that when he hears a good singer he feels as if he could kill him were it possible to steal his voice. If you have the gift of song, regard it as a power which ought to be cultivated because of the pleasure over which it will give you command.

LEX.—"When a lady retires from a love engagement, is she bound to give the gentleman a candid explanation of her reasons for so doing?"—In simple honor we should say she is; but ladies have such peculiar ideas of their own on the subject of courtship, that they are very chary of giving either spoken or written expositions of their sentiments when they think it necessary that natural reticence should not be disturbed. According to the ungenerous sarcasm, ladies have so few reasons to give for any portion of their conduct that in this particular part it would be unfair to ask them for any. The etiquette would appear to be that, as far as their affections are concerned, they are privileged; and morality winks at their cunning fencing with questions that pry too curiously into their motives and impulses. It is not right that such should be the case; but where is the remedy? Had they "reasons plentiful as blackberries," few women would give them on compulsion; and if persuasion fails, why farewell to all hope of any woman frankly stating why she has altered her mind as to one whom she had tolerated as a lover. In many such cases there is no substantial reason to give, and in the great mass the simple explanation is, that a new impression has brushed away the previous one. Most girls shrink from the acknowledgment of a weakness, characteristic though it be.

GWENDOLINE.—We have yet to learn that, as a rule, young men prefer the company of giddy and flighty girls to that of the quiet, industrious, home-loving ones. We had thought the reverse was the case, and still believe so. But there is this to be observed, that those who make themselves conspicuous by the absence of that delicate reserve which is the proper characteristic of young women, may obtain their object—that of attracting more attention from men; but the loss they sustain in not gaining their respect and esteem, which all women in their hearts covet, more than counter-balances that temporary rainbow kind of advantage. The good old plan, and a better one cannot be found, for Nature is rigidly uniform in all her laws, is for woman to retreat, man to pursue. The chief pleasure of courtship lies in the pursuit; in fact, that is the business of courtship, and a very delight ul business it is, so long as woman maintains her proper position. The moment she departs from it, and attempts the Initiative, the charm is broken, and the preliminaries become those common to what the French call marriages of convenience. So it is evident that girls, who foolishly break through the conventionalisms thrown around them for their safety, do so at great hazard to their future happiness. Men do not like bold and forward girls; in fact, they are rather afraid of them, and follow their natural inclination to seek the society of those who pay allegiance to their refined instincts, and proper place in the condition and relations of life.

IN QUIET DAYS.

BY C. S.

The Summer wood with music rings;
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oft have I watch'd all night with grief,
All night with joy; and which is best?
Ah! both were sharp, and both were brief;
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side;
And all night long with me abide
Peace, and her sister, Sleep.

A Special Providence.

BY L. H.

I AM afraid it will be a hard life for you, my Mary. It will have to be a hard life until I have made a position for us both."

"I look forward to no life without you, Neil, and, if it is to be a hard life, we—we will rough it together. It will not be so hard if there are two of us, will it? I don't think I fear anything that may come;" and the girl looks up brightly into her lover's face.

"Darling," he cries, "you are so brave! I must get on well if I have you always to help and encourage me. Will you dread a new American home, with nothing familiar, nothing homely about us? I fear it must come to that!"—and Neil O'Neill sighs as he takes Mary tenderly in his arms.

They are silent for some moments, and she looks up into his face as he speaks again.

"It is a dear old country, but—— Well, perhaps some day we may come back, and be able to settle among our own people and—and help them."

"Yes, of course we might," the girl answers cheerfully, doing her best to hide the tears which have forced their way into her eyes. Then, looking at Neil again, she says, "I suppose your uncle is still determined not to believe in you? Have you heard anything about the lawyer's visit yesterday, and—and does the old man mean to leave all to your cousin Brian?"

"He does," says her lover emphatically, rousing himself from his love-dream. "My uncle is determined not to believe in me, calls my ill-luck gross mismanagement, and leaves everything to Brian O'Neill."

"How hard it is!" cries Mary, tightening her grasp upon the meadow railing and looking far away towards the sunset sky, which is showing pale orange and pink against the purple-gray of the distant hills. "How wrong it is!" she sighs. "And Mr. O'Neill has so much already—more really, I suppose, than your uncle?"

"Yes—I should say much more," returns Neil. "I believe my London cousin is almost a leader in society there, while his wife is famous for her gowns. But I hear little of them. They don't take any notice of their poor Irish relatives. Yes—I suppose it seems hard about the money; but, you see, uncle has had a lot of trouble to make it, and he naturally wants it to go towards making more. Brian is successful, and uncle has no reason to believe that money will do anything but melt in my hands."

"But it is no fault of yours that the stock is dying off and the potatoes are diseased again this year. And how can you get men to work for you if you are not able to pay them? Surely he sees that it is your misfortune and not your fault, doesn't he?"

"No; unfortunately that's exactly what he does not see," says the young man wearily. "My dear, dear girl," he adds, "perhaps it may be better for us not—not to have the money. You have faith, Mary. Will you believe that in time all will come right?" He speaks earnestly, and takes both the girl's hands and presses them fondly.

"I do believe," she answers solemnly and tenderly; "and I pray, Neil."

They are silent for a few moments; then Mary turns away.

"I must go now. I promised to be in at half past four, to see Larry. He says he wants to talk over something with me.

"Larry, poor boy! Ah, he is a good lad, and he loves me, I believe, about half as much as you love me, darling—and you know that is saying a great deal, isn't it?"

They laugh softly and say "Good night." Mary walks slowly down the narrow lane, and Neil turns into the dirty little yard which leads to his farm. As he crosses to the house door, Larry, his foster-brother, passes him, and calls a respectful "Good night, masther!" Neil pauses, then turns back to speak to the tall powerful-looking young man.

"So you have an appointment, I hear, at half past four, Larry?"

"It's just afther guessin' everything you are, masther!" Larry answers, well pleased at Neil's cheerful tone. "Now where could you have heard that news?"

"A young lady told me," replies Neil good-humoredly, wishing to please this kind-hearted though rough foster-brother of his who loves him so genuinely.

"That must ha' been Bridget, I'm thinkin'," says Larry, with a mischievous twinkle and chuckle. Bridget is the cook, and about fifty, and she tries hard to make love to Larry.

"You rogue!" laughs Neil; and, with a ring of real fun in his voice, he shouts after Larry, "I'll tell her!"

Neil walks into the kitchen and stretches his hands towards the great fire.

"How's your patient, Bridget?" he asks.

"He's no patient o' mine, though it seems I ha' to the seein' to him! He's always growlin' an' grumblin' about something. It's poor fun, I say, havin' a rich relation as close as he is. I've been makin' up my mind, Masther Neil, that the owld jintleman is more trouble than he's worth. It's just six weeks that he has been here, and more than two o' them in bed. I suppose he won't last much longer, Masther Neil;" then the kind old woman adds more gently, "I dare say he has his troubles too." In spite of her wrath against the old man, she sighs in unmistakable sympathy.

"The doctor was not very hopeful this morning," Neil returns; "he says he may go off at any moment. I believe, if he could have made up his mind as to the disposal of his money without coming over Ireland, he would have lasted for years yet. It is really the wet season that has worked the mischief. In Melbourne they have no months of rain such as we have had here this year. Well, I must go up to him now."

Up-stairs "the owld jintleman" is lying in bed, restless and feverish from the hard incessant cough which shakes him mercilessly. Neil goes quietly to the bed-room door, opens it gently, and, passing round the screen, advances to his uncle's side.

The old man nods a surly recognition, but does not speak. Neil is just going to say something when a fit of coughing comes on, and he stands and looks pitifully down at his uncle until it is over, and then asks him if he can get anything to ease him. Old Daniel O'Neill struggles for breath, and looks at his nephew, as he answers querulously.

"There is nothing. That doctor's stuff is of no use. Why—why do you live in this out-of-the-way hole, where one can get nothing one wants without sending twenty miles for it?"

The effort to speak has exhausted the old man, and there is silence for some moments. Then Neil comes nearar to the bedside and speaks gently.

"Are there any letters I can write for you, uncle?"

"No; I don't think there is anything more to be written. Give me some of that stuff—that brown stuff in the glass—I want to talk."

Neil hands the glass of medicine, and his uncle takes it, then goes on, speaking feebly and brokenly—

"I have heard from your cousin Brian, and he says he will arrive at King's Junction at 7.30 to-morrow morning. I suppose your Larry can meet him with the car?"

"Of course," answers Neil; "I will speak about it to-night."

"I have told Brian to come on at once," the old man continues; "the interview which I wish to have with him must take place in the morning. Barrett comes to me again in the afternoon, and will have to leave before night. I must complete—the business the—the singing and—so on."

Here the invalid closed his eyes, and his hands move nervously about the quilt, picking at its little knots. Neil feels terribly oppressed. He tries to speak naturally.

"Oh, it will not take three hours to get here from King's Junction! My cousin ought to be here before eleven."

"That's right!" says the sick man eagerly. "If he is here by one, it will do. The doctor—oh, he is a fool of course!—says I am very weak, so it is best. I must be," he adds quickly—"I must be on the safe side—the safe side." He sinks back again and ceases speaking.

Neil moves towards the window and looks out into the dreary wet night. He is deeply sorry for the lonely old man, who has his money and nothing else; and yet the young man resents the treatment he has received from his uncle, whom he has taken into his home and nursed and cared for ever since he f ll ill, three weeks after his arrival from Melbourne.

He chafes under the unjust and unkind treatment he is daily receiving from the old man. He had pried into all the affairs of the farm, and has found fault with his nephew in every direction, and whined over what he calls the "mismanagement of the whole concern."

"It is unjust," Neil says to himself, as he raises the corner of the blind and stares gloomily down into the muddy little yard. "It is unjust and hard, as Mary said. It is because luck is against me, and I have had no fair start. Everything seems as bad as possible, and there is no chance of a lift to help me up. And to think of that rich, fat, selfish cousin of mine turning up just in the nick of time to grasp everything! I sha'n't meet him; I might say something uncivil!"

At this point in Neil's reflections his uncle calls to him in a weakly impatient tone

"Come here, Neil—come here; I want to say something else!"

Neil would prefer not to continue the conversation, which must be so painful and distressing to them both; but he turns at once from the window and draws a chair from the side of the fire to the bedside.

"Yes, yes—sit down!" the old man says. "Neil, why have you been so reckless and extravagant?" His sharp eyes peer at his nephew curiously, and he tries to raise himself a little.

"Are you sure I have been reckless and extravagant, uncle?"

"Sure? Yes, of course I'm sure!" the old man answers quickly and irritably. "I have eyes, I suppose, and you will admit that I can see—eh?"

Neil says nothing. Daniel O'Neill goes on—

"Admit that you are reckless and extravagant!"

"Uncle, I am afraid I shall only annoy you if I say that I cannot admit it."

To Neil's surprise, this speech brings neither exclamation of anger nor contradiction from his uncle, who only says in answer to it, in a decidedly less worried and nervous tone—

"Then tell me why your farm is one of the worst in the district. You allow that it is?"

"Yes—I know it," Neil answers; "but there are a good many reasons to account for the fact which will show you—if you care to hear—that I am not so entirely to blame as I may appear to be."

"Ah," says the old man faintly, "you will say that luck has been against you, or something of the sort, for excuse! But you can talk if you like. I shall not be here much longer, I suppose," he adds wearily; "and, though, as you know, I have decided to leave my—little bit of money—to your hard-working and respected cousin Brian O'Neill, I might leave some sound advice behind me for you—if you want it." He pauses a few moments for breath, then continues, "Yes—you have been kind to me while I have been here; you are good-natured. But you are reckless—reckless——"

The old man's voice dies with the last words, and Neil, without seeing whether his uncle has dozed off or not, tell in as few words as may be his sad little story, commencing with his father's death, which took place six years before, leaving Neil, at the age of twenty-one, with not much experience and still less money to carry on the work of the farm. He tells also of his great love for Mary and the desperate efforts he has made and is making to improve his position, and so forth.

That night there are four wakeful people in the little household. Daniel O'Neill tosses and turns in restlessness of mind and body, and Bridget sits up to nurse him. Neil is sleepless from sorrow of heart. But Larry, Neil's foster brother—Larry, the devoted, the sympathetic—chuckles and snaps his fingers under the bed-clothes, and even once or twice has to smother his delighted laughter in the old chaff bolster with which Bridget has provided him. At last Neil falls asleep, but only to have troubled uncomfortable dreams.

Before he has finished breakfast the next morning, Bridget announces—

"Miss Mary have come in, sorr."

Neil rises at once from the table and goes in search of his sweetheart, who, he guesses, is to be found either in the dairy, speaking a kindly word to the girls there, or in the poultry-yard, admiring the chickens.

"Good morning, Neil!" she says, as she comes towards him smiling. "There are seven pounds more butter than usual this morning, and it's much better! There's good news for you, to begin with! You see I was right in telling you that the milk was beginning to improve;" and she laughs triumphantly.

"My little girl," he whispers, as he kisses the soft brown hair, "you are always right. Oh, Mary, I had such a restless night! What a comfort it is to have you and the daylight again!"

He leads her into the house, and they stand together before the fire in the breakfast-room.

"Poor Neil," says Mary softly, "you look worn out! Have you been sitting up with your uncle?"

"No," he answers—"I have been lying awake most of the night, thinking of many things."

She looks up tenderly into his face. She is very pretty this morning. The sharp air has brought a soft rose tint into her creamy cheeks; her hair, ruffled by the wind, clings in tiny tendrils about her brow and ears; her blue eyes, with their heavy black fringes, are shy and tender and, above all, loving as she raises them to Neil.

"And what have you been thinking about me?" she asks him.

"About you? Oh, I wondered how soon after going out I might send for you to come and bless and crown my home after I have made it!" answers Neil. "Darling," he adds, "I think I will start quite soon—at once!"

"Start soon," cries Mary, bewildered, "and send for me? Are you not going to take me with you?"

"Take you to nowhere? Hardly! My love, my little girl, I must work hard to make a home for you before we can live in it. I could not let you wander about with me until we found some suitable work and a place to settle." Neil looks down at her again and kisses her. "You could not stand it," he whispers. "My darling, how pretty you are! I cannot let you come out until I have found a good home for you—a pretty nest fit for you. It will be hard to say 'Good-bye,' but——"

"But we will not say 'Good-bye'!" Mary interrupts, as she draws a little away from him and raises her head. "I mean to be with you always, if you will have me—always! My love, I must be with you!"

Neil brushes some moisture from his eyes.

"Do you mean that you want to come and help me to make our home—that you will not let me go on in front to smooth the way?"

"Yes—that is just what I mean," Mary answers; "we will do that together. Do you think I should enjoy walking upon smooth ground if I knew that your hands had bled as they broke the rough clods, with no one to help you?"

Neil smiles down fondly upon her.

"My brave little wife," he says proudly, "you shall come with me if you will!"

Then he is called away, and Mary sits down to think. She stares into the fire and thinks of all Neil and she have been saying to each other. She wonders, too, how long the struggle will be—if the way will be very hard that will lead to their happy comfortable home of the future. That that home must be in a foreign land she has made up her mind. The "dear owld countiry" is no place for them to work their way in. With all his perseverance and energy, it seems that Neil can do but little good for himself or those around him as long as this half-dilapidated ill-stocked farm remains a drag on his hands.

"No," she decides emphatically, with a quick little stamp on the hearth-rug which frightens the old dog lying there—"no; we will go out somewhere and work together and make a home, and perhaps afterwards become rich or independent, and come back to the old place and improve everything. Ah, I should like that!"

The morning wears on gradually. Mary has no idea of the time, so fully occupied is she with her thoughts and dreams of the new life. Presently she is startled by hearing men's voices outside, and Neil comes into the room, bringing with him old Daniel's solicitor, Mr. Barrett.

"Most odd, most unaccountable!" that gentleman is saying. "Nearly eight hours to drive from King's Junction here! Why, it's absurd, Mr. Neill! What do you suppose can have happened?"—and the stout little lawyer sets his teeth firmly and compresses his lips into a thin line as he looks up in a professionally anxious manner at Neil.

"I can't think," says Neil blankly.

"Larry manages the road very well as a rule; he knows every bit of bog for miles round, and never gets fixed. I don't believe my cousin has come."

"Nonsense, my dear Mr. Neill; he surely would come! He would be so anxious, so very desirous, naturally, to see his dear uncle? Don't you think so?"

Mr. Barrett speaks emphatically and seriously. There is a pause. Presently it is broken by the bell from the sick man's room. A few moments later Bridget comes in with a request from Mr. Daniel that Mr. Barrett will go up at once. Mr. Barrett gathers up his hat, gloves, and bag, and bustles out.

"Neil dear, I had no idea it was so late; I must go," says Mary, speaking to him for the first time since he entered with the lawyer.

"Yes, yes—of course you must! I wish you could stay and dine here—Mr. Barrett will be down presently—but everything will be in such a state of confusion until some news arrives that—that I think you had better go. I will meet you to-night when it is all over; I shall need you then, Mary. I don't wish to meet my cousin, but I may be obliged to do so. It may be late before I can get away." He paused to think a moment. "I will try to be with you at nine—not earlier, I expect."

"Very well," she answers; "I shall look for you then."

He goes to the gate with her, and she whispers—

"Be brave, my Neil! Try to remember that whatever comes I am with you, and all will be for the very best. I am so happy now I can think over our new life together! Good-bye till to-night!"

He leaves her, feeling strangely soothed, and goes back into the dining room, where he joins Mr. Barrett. Up-stairs old Mr. O'Neill is fuming, while down-stairs Mr. Barrett is fidgeting.

"Really, my other clients!" he mutters once and again. "So unfortunate! So inconsiderate of your cousin! The dusk is falling already! There is positively nothing I dislike so much as being out late on these roads in the winter!"

Then he looks at his watch for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time Neil tries to interest him in something else besides the passing hour; but in vain. Finally the lawyer goes fussing up to the old man's room. There is a short delay; then Bridget is summoned, and in less than a quarter of an hour the lawyer is in his cart driving away, his tedious business at last accomplished.

* * * * * *

When Larry arrived at the junction that morning, he was cold, and his fingers and toes were nipped with frost; but there was a delightful glow at his heart. A few minutes after his arrival the train came steaming into the station, and Larry was not long in discovering Mr. Brian O'Neill. He touched his cap to him with great civility, and shouldered his little baggage and the heavy traveling rugs which the prosperous gentleman was wont to carry with him when on a journey.

They were soon on the car and starting off, the traveler grumbling at the inconvenience and discomfort of the vehicle and the sorry trot of the pony. He recommended Larry to cover the ground more speedily if he wished for a "tip." The "jintleman" was cross and cold, and had had no breakfast, Larry supposed, and in a few respectful words he told him how sorry he was for him, and did his best to cheer him. But his companion only turned his back upon him, requested him to put on a little more pace, and then buried himself among the rugs.

Larry had good reason to dislike Mr. Brian O'Neill, for, on the very rare occasions when he had seen fit to honor his Irish cousin with a few days' visit, he had taken a very high tone with "the masther," and had treated Larry as a servant ignoring completely the relationship between Neil and his foster-brother, being quite unable to understand the very strong affection which bound them.

But to-day Larry forgot and forgave—at least, so it appeared from his easy, cheerful, though always respectful manner towards Neil's cousin. He laid himself out to amuse and interest his surly companion, telling him stories of the district replete with either exciting or mysterious incident, and being in no way hurt or disappointed at the slight notice taken of them.

Presently, after a better story than usual, the climax of which Larry had reached in a manner at once so humorous and unexpected as to provoke a genuine laugh from the would-be stately Mr. Brian, the latter unbent so far as to take out his flask, apply it to his lips, and then, with some display of benevolent condescension, offer it to Larry. After that they exchanged a few remarks, which led to another good story from Larry, to which Mr. O'Neill listened with undisguised interest. At the end of it the flask was brought out again, and again handed to Larry.

"Your honor may need it before we get home. Thank 'ee, sorr; but I can git such stuff as will do for me anywheres."

The lack of breakfast and the combined effects of the whiskey and the keen wind made Larry's companion drowsy. With an inward chuckle, Larry observed this, and ceased his story-telling. Drawing up his horse and jumping down from his seat, he quietly arranged the rugs more securely round the sleepy traveler, and bolstered him comfortably at the back.

"Try to get a nap, sorr; we shall be home in no time now."

Mr. O'Neill drew forth his flask once more, again partook of its contents, and in a very few moments lapsed into unconsciousness. As he did so, Larry murmured, "The marciful man is marciful to his baste!"—and, with a movement of the rein, changed the pony's already very deliberate jog trot into a walk.

The traveler was soon sleeping soundly, and his charioteer gave way to a prolonged chuckle, in which satisfaction, rare enjoyment, and mischievous triumph were mingled and distinctly apparent.

It must have been at almost the same moment that Neil and Mr. Barrett sat down to dinner that Mr. Brain O'Neill was roused from his heavy slumber in the car by a driving mist falling wet and chill upon his face. He struggled under his rugs and called to Larry.

"Not there yet? I suppose I must have been asleep. This horrid rain, how dark it makes everything! Come—get on, Larry, get on!"

Larry was urging on the pony in rough tones, apparently much troubled by its slow pace.

After a slight pause, Mr. O'Neill fumbled for his watch. Larry noticed this, and he sat up and squared his broad shoulders, feeling that a storm was about to break upon his devoted head. It broke.

"What," shouted Mr. O'Neill, aghast, as he held his watch in his hand—"nearly three o'clock! You—you lazy scoundrel! But surely this cannot be the right time! Oh, it can't be!"

In a deliberately stupid tone Larry answered—

"I can't say what the time may be, sorr; all I can say for sartin is that I've lost my way. This mist and fog completely——"

"Lost your way?" groaned Mr. O'Neill. "What do you mean by it? How dare you lose your way? You shall suffer for this!" He was furiously angry.

"Aisy, your honor!" said Larry imperturbably.

A strange feeling of helplessness came over Mr. O'Neill. He looked at the mist around them and was silent. After a moment or so, Larry's voice, speaking in a tone of cheerful surprise, struck upon his ear.

"Begorra, we are in luck the day! There's some owld woman's blessing over your honor! Sure if that isn't Micky Farley's cottage! An' he's a dacent lad; I'll spake to him. If he couldn't put us in the way, he'd be proud to give us the best he has in his house an' a sate by his fire."

Larry threw their reins upon the pony's back, preparatory to getting down.

"No, no!" shouted Mr. O'Neill wildly. "Don't you dare to stir! Drive on this instant; there's not a moment to lose! I may have lost all already!" he groaned. Then he made a tremendous effort to recover his composure. "Can't you get on somehow? You—Larry, I'm sorry I was angry just now. Come—get another horse, my good fellow! We must get on, I tell you—we must!"

"I'll slip down an' inquire if there's a pony, sorr; it's a blessin' we've come upon Micky Farley's," said Larry cheerfully, as he jumped down and ran round to the back of the cottage.

He was absent about five minutes, and Mr. O'Neill was left to rave and fume his hardest between intervals of something like prayer that it might not yet be too late.

"Have they a horse?" Mr. O'Neill shouted eagerly, when Larry reappeared.

"No, sorr; Micky's away with it."

"But I must get on!" cried Mr. O'Neill distressfully.

Larry looked sympathetic.

"I feel for you, sorr—I do indade!" said he.

"I will walk!" Mr. Brian declared suddenly. "Which way is it? You can come with me. Let us be off at once!"

"Shure I can't lave the pony, your honor!"

"Yes, you can; leave it here."

"I dursn't, sorr: I'm afraid o' the masther."

"But don't you know—can't you see that I must get on?" cried Brian O'Neill, on the verge of tears. A terrible thought was forcing itself into his mind that he had come all this way and taken all this trouble only to lose old Daniel's money after all.

"If your honor would only come inside," said Larry—"there's Mrs. Farley at home, an' she's a dacent body—she might be able to direct your honor."

So the distressed Brian got off the car and went into the cottage.

Micky Farley's young wife was a bright pretty woman with a coaxing persuasive voice, who showed an eager desire to be obliging.

"Direct your honor, is it?" she said, when, Mr. O'Neill had told her his difficulties. "Of course I can! Who better, I should like to know? If Micky was only at home, he'd go with you himself. But Larry, poor boy, must look after the pony; an' the baste is dead lame, he says; an' by the same token he's cast a shoe be sides. But your honor can go by yourself very well, if you're not afeard."

"Of course not!" Brian O'Neil cried. "Only show me the way and I will start at once, before it grows any darker."

So Mrs. Farley and he went to the door and stood once more outside in the drifting mist, while Larry, left alone by the fire, indulged in a prodigious laugh, rendering himself red in the face by his efforts to lessen the noise.

"Now, when your honor starts," said Mrs. Farley, "you must go straight up over the hill, bein' careful not to keep too much to the left, because o' the owld gravel-pits, which are more than half filled with water an' deep enough to give a man his death an' buryin' too if he chanced to fall into one o' them. Then, when ye get to the top o' the hill, there's a sign-post—at least there was, but I'm not shure if the bhoys didn't break it up for firewood last winter, when we were so powerful short. But, faith, there's nothin' in that to trouble about, for there hasn't been a word o' readin' on it as long as I can remember! Still, if it's there, your honor will take the path that leads over the hills for a mile or so an' then turns down to the valley. But, when you've got that far, you'll have to be thinkin' o' the bog. There's a good three miles——"

"Good heavens," cried Brian O'Neil, interrupting the woman almost savagely, "who in the name of fortune, do you think, would attempt such a road as that in a heavy mist and with the darkness falling? Gravel-pits half full of water and three miles of bog, and the only thing to direct me a sign-post that was burnt last winter for firewood!"

"Shure your honor's welcome to come in an' sit down as long as you plase," said Mrs. Farley hospitably—"only I thought you were anxious to get on."

Brian O'Neill suppressed an exclamation as he turned away from the woman's innocent troubled eyes to meet the sympathetic Larry, who was just coming out of the cottage.

"You'll tell the masther," said Larry, "that it wasn't my fault, sorr? Shure 'twould puzzle the angel Gabriel to find his way across the hills in a drivin' mist like this! I'll be round wi' the pony in the mornin', tell him."

"Oh, hang you!" was all that Mr. O'Neill vouchsafed to say, as he turned back into the cottage and sat down sullenly enough by the fire.

Not another word could they get from him that night, in spite of Mrs. Farley's sympathy and the genial hilarity of Larry, and Micky, when the last-named returned. All night long Mr. O'Neill sat by glowering at the red turfs.

* * * * * *

The next morning Larry is stirring betimes, and almost before the sun has risen the old pony is jogging across the hills again, with Mr. Brian O'Neill behind him. They see nothing of gravel-pits or bogs on their way, but arrive at the farm safely and without further adventure by ten o'clock.

Brian O'Neill goes straight up to his uncle's room, without pausing for a word with any one on his way. The old man looks shrunken and feeble in the morning light, but his face is calm, and there is something like a smile about his lips.

"I was delayed, sir," Brian begins quickly. "I hastened here at once at your bidding; but that infernal——"

The old man puts up his hand.

"You are in time," he says feebly—"in time to see your old uncle again in life." He draws a folded letter from under his pillow. "You say here that that was all you wished"—opening the note—"so, after all, the delay has not mattered."

Brian O'Neill's face falls in spite of his efforts to control himself; he does not know what to say. The old man watches him keenly.

"But I have not forgotten you in my will," he goes on after a moment, still with his eyes on the other's face. He sees it light up with a look of sudden triumphant greed.

"I have left you fifty pounds for a mourning-ring," says old Daniel slowly; and then his nephew so far forgets himself as to utter an imprecation.

"It's a shameful conspiracy," he cries fiercely—"it's all my cousin's doings; but, if there's law in the country, I'll make him and that scoundrelly driver of his pay for this!"

Old Daniel chuckles.

"My dear nephew, you have all you wanted, all you wished for, and more. So go down and have some breakfast, and—and leave off using such language—it is a bad habit."

Mr. Brian O'Neill departs without another word, slamming the door after him.

Down-stairs he meets his cousin, who has been trying vainly to obtain from the painfully innocent Larry some account of what occurred to delay them on their journey from King's Junction. Brian eyes him fiercely. But the man of the town is no match in size or strength for the man of the country, and he knows it.

"If you have anybody in the place who can find his way to King's Junction, I should be glad to go at once," he says savagely.

Neil thinks it best to let him go; so another horse is put into the old cart, and Larry again is the driver.

The journey to King's Junction is uneventful, and Larry loiters about until the train arrives. When perfectly certain that "the masther's" enemy has really started, he goes calmly back to receive Neil's upbraidings.

"I don't believe you lost your way," Neil says wrathfully; "you never did such a thing in your life before, and you know it!"

"Shure everything must have a beginnin'!" replies Larry meekly. This meekness would not save him however but for a message from Mr. O'Neill's room that Neil is to go up at once.

"Let that boy alone," the old man says, when his nephew enters, still very red and wrathful, "or—or I'll alter my will again—in his favor," he chuckles breathlessly. "Why shouldn't Larry play Providence once in a while as well as anybody else? I'm—I'm much obliged to him: he gave me—time to think. I've—been hard—upon you—Neil." The feeble old hand is held out to the nephew, and Neil clasps it in silence. "You leave Larry alone," the old man goes on; "and—and tell that pretty Mary of yours that I say—it's—all right. I say so, mind!"

Then he leans back among his pillows white and exhausted, and Neil goes down-stairs with his brain in a whirl. But, when he looks round for Larry, that discreet young man is not to be seen. He keeps out of his master's way for some days, and then gradually slips into his old place in the household. The only reward he wants for acting as guardian of his beloved master's interests is to be forgiven.

And in the end it is all right, as old Daniel said. The color rushes back to pretty Mary's cheeks when she receives the message.

"That means that we need not think of leaving Ireland, dear Neil? We shall have a chance in the old home yet. Oh, isn't Larry a darling!"

"I should like to break every bone in his body!" Neil says viciously.

But Mary only laughs and kisses him. The wedding-day is in the spring. Old Daniel gives the bride away, and half the country-side are there to see "purty Miss Mary" married. For Daniel O'Neill takes a new lease of life, thanks to the care of old Bridget and of Mary; and Neil has not come into his property yet. However, the farm flourishes, and he is in no hurry.

BUTTER.—In selling butter consult the buyers and consumers as to the form of package and then employ those that will bring best prices for the contents. The average American consumer wishes to have his fancy pleased, and, if he is willing to pay fancy prices for fancy packages, furnish them for him; and remember one thing: In spite of the presence or absence of oleo, no matter whether the market be glutted with it or not, there will always be a paying price for the best brands of butter.

Not As Our Ways.

BY T. S. A.

"ALL His ways are in mercy, madam," said the rector. "Let us not forget that."

These were the parting words of one who, in the sunny days of Mrs. Fielding's life, had often tried to lift her thoughts above the outer world into a consciousness of those higher and purer things from which alone abiding happiness comes. Yet, until now, he had spoken to ears that did not hear. Until now! Ah, the sunshine had gone from her sky! It was night with Mrs. Fielding; dark and silent night; for sorrow and trouble had found her out. But in the stillness of this night, the sound of voices, speaking from an inner world, had power to reach her ears. These were angel voices, and at first she only felt their tenderness and sweetness without any clear consciousness of meaning in their utterances.

Less than one year before, Mrs Fielding was a wife and mother; now she was widowed and childless. Then she had a home, in which every comfort was provided; now, she was in the home of another, and dependent. No wonder the truth that all of God's ways are in love and mercy, was afar off from her perceptions, and but dimly seen. She was one of those who tenderly love children. In her own babies her very life had rested; rested in such overweening tenderness, that weak indulgence took the place of a wise maternal discipline. She could not bear to cross their natural desires in any thing; even though reason told her that it was essential to their higher good. Better for them the wiser ministrations of angels in the heaven of innocence, than the weak compliances of an over-fond mother upon earth. They were safe; and she sorrowing for their loss as one without hope! Widowed and childless! Ah, the night was very dark around the mourner!

Mrs. Fielding had an active, independent mind. As her bowed spirit lifted itself, feebly, under the weight which had at first crushed her to the earth, and she began to realize her new position and relation to the world, thought turned in all directions, searching for the right way. She could not sit down, with folded hands, and become a burdensome drone; pride, if no higher impulse, would have forbidden that. But like far too many young ladies, whose parents expend large sums on their education, she had closed her school-girl days without a thorough knowledge of any one of the branches to which she had given attention. She had a clear, intelligent mind, and was regarded as a well-educated woman; but her education was not of the kind to fit her for the duties of a teacher. She was not well-grounded in English; nor in French, Italian, or German, though she had attempted the acquirement of these languages under competent instructors. For music she had no taste; and, though she played tolerably well at the time of her marriage, her skill soon left her for want of practice. Tenderly she loved children, as we have said; and this love led her thoughts out towards them in her questioning as to the future; and she was beginning to think of a school for the little ones. "I can teach them," she said. And of this it had come into her thought to speak several times. But, the way did not seem clear before her.

"All His ways are in mercy." She was still dwelling upon what the rector had said, and trying to see how affliction and poverty could be in mercy to her, when a friend, who had drawn very near since her days of darkness began, came in.

"It must be so," Mrs. Fielding said, referring to the rector's words, "and yet, in coming down to my own case, doubt arises. In my heart I cannot accept this faith."

"The time is not yet, but it will come," said the friend, "for it is a true faith. God's ways are not as our ways, especially not as our ways in regard to the individual alone. Good is always the end of His providences; not good to you or to me only in the dispensations that reach us, but good, as well, to all who can in any way be affected through our lives. Did you ever think of that?"

Mrs. Fielding's countenance showed a newly-awakened interest. "The thought, as you present it," she said, "has never before come into my mind."

"Yes, it must be true," said her friend. "Think for a moment. In His eyes all are equal. He regards you with the same tenderness and care that He regards me, and the children of my neighbor are as precious in His sight as mine."

"Yes, yes—that must be so," assented Mrs. Fielding.

"And He is ever making us the ministers of His good, one towards another, through willing service, if there is love in our hearts; through constant and compelling power of circumstances, if our hands are held back, in selfish idleness, from useful ministrations. It is not always for individual discipline alone that sorrows and misfortunes come. Involved therein is the individual's relation to society, and the good to others that will spring from the new life which is to be born in him as the old natural and selfish life expires. Where are all His agents for good, working in our day and generation, and the nearer we draw towards Him in self-denial and neighborly love, the higher and more angelic will be the service we render to His children. He has work for you, my dear—work for which He has been educating you in these dark days of affliction; and happy will you be when you find this work. His delight is to render mankind happy; and just in the degree that a love of serving others comes into our hearts, just so near shall we be to Him, and partakers in that degree of heavenly happiness.

"How can I be useful?" asked Mrs. Fielding, as her perceptions entered into the thought of her friend; and with perception came the desire.

"May I suggest a way?" asked her friend.

"Yes—yes," replied Mrs. Fielding.

"You know Mrs. Garland?" said her friend.

"Yes," she replied; "or at least have some knowledge of her; but we were not visiting acquaintances."

"She is a light, vain, selfish woman," continued her friend, "and completely absorbed in fashionable life."

"So I have understood," said Mrs. Fielding.

"The mother of three sweet little children, who are given over almost entirely to servants," continued her friend. "I was talking only yesterday to Mr. Garland's sister about them; and she said that the neglected condition of his children was a source of deep concern to her brother, who was anxious to get into his family a woman of education, good principles, and Christian regard for duty, who would be to them as a true another. The thought of you, Mrs. Fielding, came at once into my mind, and I even mentioned your name."

"And what was said?" Mrs. Fielding showed considerable interest.

"If she will undertake the duty, my brother will be a happy man."

Mrs. Fielding's breast heaved with a single long-drawn sigh. Her face grew thoughtful, her eyes rested on the floor. She sat still and statue-like.

"Accept the trust, my dear friend! Take these neglected little ones, and nurture them for Heaven—for that Heaven where your own sweet babes now dwell!"

In the glow of an unselfish tenderness that warmed the heart of Mrs. Fielding, she answered, tears brimming in her eyes, "I will not hold back my feet from the way of duty, if I see it plain before me. I love children. It is my delight to be with them."

"May I make the arrangement for you?" said her friend.

Again the face of Mrs. Fielding was overshadowed by thought. Her eyes drooped to the floor, she sat still and statue-like again. Some natural emotions stirred in her, and there was a brief struggle with them for the mastery. When she looked up, a sweet smile was touching her lips, like a sunbeam, and love sat in her serene eyes. "If I am wanted I will go," she answered.

"You are wanted," was the friend's decided answer. "To-morrow I will see you again," she said, as she pressed her hand in parting.

In less than a week there was a change of both place and state with Mrs. Fielding. From sad, tearful, idle dependence, she moved upwards into a sphere of usefulness, in which her heart became at once interested. Three bright, beautiful, and affectionate little ones were given wholly into her care, by a mother who was daily showing herself to be unworthy of the high and holy trust reposed in her.

Mrs. Fielding, as we have said, was one of those tenderly loved in childhood. Towards her own babes this love was overshadowed by the weakness of a natural maternal tenderness, that shrunk from the exercise of needed discipline. Now, she was true to all perceptions of right and duty. To her own children love had come, weak and compliant, but towards those children of her adoption it was clear, strong, and wise as tender.

Five years passed on with Mrs. Fielding each bringing to her heart an increase of abiding peace. The neglected little ones had been taken at once into her love, and wisdom had prompted this love ever to seek their highest good. They were, in her affections, as though her own. The mother, instinct in her nature, had gone fully out to them.

Five years had passed; and for more than two years the unworthy mother of these children had been at rest from earthly passion. Her sun went out ere life had touched its fair meridian; and there was not much heart-grief at her loss. Thus it is that the more selfish worldlings die. Even those who stand nearest, and whose ties are, or should be, strongest, rarely grieve as those who refuse to be comforted.

A man of a strong, true, tender nature was Mr. Garland. Life to such a one, bound to a more worldly, vain, selfish, and fashionable woman, is little more than a weary desert. Dutiful, patient, and upright had he been through all the years of an unsatisfactory union; and when death closed the compact, he gave tears to the memory of her who had once been dear to him; of her who was the mother of his children; and then threw a veil over the past.

Two years had elapsed since the angel of Death drew her from his side. Mrs. Fielding still held her place as the true mother of his children. Her life had become so bound up in their lives—their good so dependent on her ministration—that no thought of separation had intruded.

Is it remarkable that a true man and a true woman, whose daily lives so met in a mutual interest, should be attracted by stronger forces? Is it remarkable that respect, regard, and admiration should take love into their fraternity, and give her the highest place?

"As you are, and have been, for years, their true mother," said Mr. Garland, taking the hand of Mrs. Fielding one evening, as she came back from the apartment where the children slept, to the drawing-room—he had listened, as he sat alone, to the tender inflections of her voice as she talked with, and read to them—"As you are, and have been for years, their true mother, will you not be a mother to them in name also?"

He held the hand tightly, and looked into her face. Her eyes, startled at first, dropped away from his, and fell upon the floor. Mr. Garland felt an impulse in her hand as if she was about to withdraw it; and his, with a responsive impulse, took hold with a firmer clasp.

"The current of our lives," he said in his calm, true, earnest voice, "have been for some time running side by side, taking equally the sunshine and shade, and feeling, almost as one, the rippling breezes. Shall they not flow together? I testify, here, to your dignified, womanly conduct in every relation in my home. You have been true to yourself and your sex in all things. So true, that from respect and admiration, a deeper and tenderer feeling towards you has sprung up. I say this frankly. And now, Mrs. Fielding, shall our lives flow together as a single stream? It is for you to say."

For more than a minute Mr. Fielding stood, with downcast look and breath indrawn to an almost imperceptible respiration. When she raised her eyes, slowly, they were wet with tears, and her lips had an irrepressible quiver; but Mr. Garland saw light shining through the tears, and consent on her trembling lips. He led her to a seat.

"I have not sought this, Mr. Garland. Heaven be my witness——" Her delicate woman's nature shrunk.

"And I am also your witness, dear, true, right-hearted friend," said Mr. Garland. "No nearer and dearer to me than a friend; that is, if in your heart you can draw nearer. I do not want the hand I hold unless all that can bless a man goes with it."—And the blessing was his.

How sweetly, purely, and tranquilly flowed their stream of life! A true man and a true woman, with high aims and heavenward aspirations, walked onward side by side in duty and love and not a heart-throb beat in discord. Could an idle sorrowing, self-silleting life have so crowned the years of Mrs. Fielding with blessing? It is only along the path of usefulness that we can be led to life's best fruitions here, and to happiness hereafter.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotted clothes. Is that economy? There is not much difference between the cost of a bar of the purest soap made and the best, which is as all know, Dobbins' Electric.

At Home and Abroad.

According to a Liverpool paper, a young man was arrested recently in that city charged with kissing a woman against her will in the public highway. The prisoner pleaded that she was in bloomers, and that he mistook her for a long lost brother. The magistrate discharged him, and it is said that the feminine demand for bicycles and bloomers cannot now be supplied by the local tradesmen.

A movement is on foot to introduce into the Canadian public schools regular inspections by experts of the teeth of all pupils. The project is a trifle paternal in its character, but it is only a further development of the principle which governs compulsory vaccination in our own schools. In view of the denial of degeneration of the American people, such an inspection is to be recommended on this side of the border.

Civilization has demoralized the Samoans. They have taken a fancy for the large men-of war's boats, for which they have discarded their canoes, and in which they row about from village to village discussing politics and neglecting their crops. To build the boats they have mortgaged their land, and instead of making an attempt to raise money to pay their creditors, they spend their time playing cricket for stakes consisting of pigs or kegs of salt beef.

One New York man with a small city yard and a small income to match has had some pleasure in raising wild flowers during the summer. He gathered them in fields and about the edge of town and tried to give soil to them like that of their habitation. A moth mullin was kept in bloom for six weeks by clipping the blossoms as they faded. A small daisy quadrupled in size and was full of flowers. The trillium bore a royal blossom. Several varieties of fern drooped on transplanting, but after a week of watering braced up and pushed out a host of fronds. White and blue violets increased and multiplied, and star grass, blue-eyed grass, hawkweed, and so on, produced blossoms of marked beauty. He believes that wild house plants could be made from many despised weeds.

It is said to be a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill the rats which invest the buildings, and burn the ashes to obtain the gold. Many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time they become impregnated with gold. The rats eagerly devour these rags, and a few months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rat with a gold plating. Twice a year the boys have a grand cremation. The rats are caught by the hundred and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives off all animal substances and leaves the gold in the shape of a button. The amount of the precious metal obtained in this way is not large, but it gives the ingenious youngsters considerable pocket money. In some factories young Napoleons of finance buy up in advance the shares of their fellow workers in the rat colony.

The idea was proposed some time ago by the military authorities in Washington that the regiments in the regular army should dispense with their distinctive flags and carry only the national colors, and a number of good reasons for the change were assigned by the army officers. But some excellent reasons were thought offered adverse to the proposed movement, and while they were based mainly on sentiment, the Department has wisely given deference to them, and has decided that the corps flags are not to be abolished. Thus the infantry regiments will have their blue flag, the artillery the scarlet colors, and the cavalry the yellow emblem, but each is to bear, in addition, the national standard. Distinctive colors may stand for little more than sentiment, but it would not be necessary to go farther back than the history of the civil war to find how momentous a part sentiment may play in the crisis of a battle.

How's This!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Our Young Folks.

A SMILE AND A FORTUNE.

BY L. F. A.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who sighed every morning when he put his crown on, and groaned every night when he took it off in order to go to bed. His crown and sceptre were all gold and jewels, his cloak was lined with ermine, and he had a red velvet coat a shining belt, and diamond buckles sparkling on his shoes.

But what was the good of all that when his clothes hung on him as if he was the stick of a scarecrow, and every day he got thinner and thinner, and every night his face became longer and longer?

Now, whatever the king does is the fashion: so when he shook his head and sighed, all the court shook their heads and sighed too; when he groaned, everybody groaned; when he sat with his head on his hands, all the courtiers sat with their heads down too. So nobody had the heart to do anything: and the palace got into what boys and girls call a "regular muddle."

Matters came to the worst one day when the cook was found fast asleep after stirring the soup with the sceptre, because he could not find a spoon.

"Wake up! Have not you got such a thing as a spoon in the house?" said the lord treasurer, who was looking for his best hat in the royal coal cellar, because everything rolled about everywhere and anywhere, and nobody has energy enough to put anything in its place. "Have not you got such a thing as a spoon in the house?"

"Have not you got such a thing as a smile in the house?" said the court jester.

"True, my friend," said the lord treasurer. "That is what we all want. That would set the clocks going, and the men and maids working, and we might have some chance of finding something. In fact, I might find my hat. There is not such a thing in the house. Let us send out at once for a smile."

Then the herald, on a white horse, rode out from the palace, blowing his trumpet, and telling the people that all who could smile were to attend at the palace, and whoever smiled best was to be rewarded with a fortune and a place at court.

He came back with a great crowd following him. Men and women, boys and girls, all put on their finest clothes and set off towards the palace, getting ready their smiles by the way, the boys grinning from ear to ear, and the girls practicing with hand glasses.

Now, the sweetest little girl in all the town was not able to go with the others, and never heard the herald's trumpet. She had gone with her basket up to the mountains to take dinner to her father, who was a poor workman at the king's mines.

And she was to bring back with her a little money to buy his supper and hers, and then she would go to the market, and afterwards make the cottage neat and bright, and have everything ready for evening when her father would come home tired, and give her a kiss and give the good dog Bully a pat on his ugly head.

Bully was very ugly. His legs were crooked, so was his bit of a tail. His eyes stuck out at each side of his head. His nose turned up, and his mouth was so big and broad that it seemed to be made to open but not to shut. He had no lips to hide his jaws full of teeth. He was meant to be white, but the pink skin showed on his face.

No doubt some of these points were the right thing in a bull-dog. Whether they were or not, Bully was the ugliest dog ever seen. But, after all, handsome is that handsome does, and the ugliest dog took care of the sweetest little girl in the town.

It was quite safe for Dot to go with the dinner basket, and to come back with the money for shopping, if Bully walked beside her on his crooked legs, looking at her out of the corners of his faithful ugly eyes.

The little girl felt so safe and happy that she often sang as she went through the woods or up the mountain paths. She had gone singing past the palace a little while ago, happier than anyone within its walls; and in an hour she would come back again and do her work gaily, looking forward to the evening.

For they used to spend very pleasant evenings, those two—or shall we say those three—in the cottage? The father taught the child her nursery rhymes and songs. There was some supper for them and a bright fire, and Bully had taken good care of his little mistress all day.

The miner and his little daughter were smiling and happy. His only trouble was that they were very poor, and so he could put by very little money for his dear little Dot. They seemed to have no prospects of being anything but very poor all their life; and yet these two loved each other so much, and were always so busy, that they were never sad.

It was very different at the palace—was not it?—where they were all idle, all miserable, and all in a "regular muddle," even to such an extent that the king got up sighing and went to bed groaning, and the noble lord thought his hat might be in the coal-cellar, and the cook took the sceptre to stir the soup, and fell asleep while all the rest were hungry.

The king, who had forgotten how to smile, was spending the morning in the picture-gallery. Whenever he wanted to be sadder than usual he went in there in order to think about his ancestors. The pictures of his ancestors were such daubs that they were enough to frighten a cow.

The king thought over what he knew of them, and that was very little, and all contained in the rhymes. When he thought of their thefts he hung his head, and when he considered their greediness he sat down upon the floor in front of the daub of King Arthur, and rocked about and groaned.

If he had known more of history he might not have taken things so much to heart. But he had been an idle boy, and he only knew songs about them. There was "good King Arthur," now. Could anything be meaner than his stealing three-pennyworth of meal to make a bag pudding?

"Shocking! shocking! shocking!" the king would say, in great distress, when he thought of this. "Why should they begin first thing in the morning with the pudding they could not finish the night before?

And then there was the knave that stole the damson tarts, and the miserly king that was always counting out his money, and the greedy queen that was only known for eating bread-and-honey—in the larder, too, as no doubt she wished to keep her attacks on the honey-pot a secret.

It was no comfort to think of Old King Cole, who was a merry old soul and "called for his fiddlers three." The King did not know how Old King Cole could have had the heart to be merry if he knew the rhymes about the others.

In this doleful state of mind his Majesty received all the people who came to the palace to smile. He was so unhappy that he was quite willing to give a cheerful companion a fortune and a place at court. But the successful competitor was required not only to smile, but to make the king smile too. Ah! that was the difficulty.

When the crowd arrived he sat on his throne, and they all passed before him one by one; and as their smiles were all done on purpose, the king's face became longer and longer, and he groaned aloud.

The crowd who came laughing went home crying.

The king was in a bad temper for a long time after. He flew into a violent rage, when a voice outside was heard singing the song he disliked most, because it reminded him of such unpleasant conduct on the part of his family.

It was only a little girl who was singing as she passed by, but she was so unfortunate as to be singing that very rhyme about King Arthur and the bag pudding.

"And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried."

"I can't stand it!" shouted the king. "It is very painful to me to listen to it. Bring in the girl, and go down for the cook's axe, and let me have the felicity of cutting off that girl's head."

Poor little Dot was brought in, with her empty basket and with the big, ugly bull-dog following her. She wore a straw hat perched on the back of her bright hair, and her gentle eyes looked up at the king in wonder and fear.

She had no idea about the proclamation—no idea why the king looked so cross. The dog seated himself even in the king's presence, straight in front of the throne, close to the spot where his little mistress was standing.

There he was, just as ugly as she was sweet. They had gone a long distance together in the warm sunshine, and Bully was a little tired, so he calmly sat down, keeping near his beloved Dot, a very happy, self-satisfied dog, perfectly contented with himself and all the world.

And, indeed, if a cat may look at a king, why should not a dog? He knew how strong he was, and he had not the slightest fear of anybody.

"I am going to make an example of this maiden, who has sung about King Arthur and the bag pudding. Bring me an axe," said the king.

"Stop one moment!" cried the court jester. "The bull-dog is very much attached to the little maiden. Consequently, if the king cuts off her head, the bull dog will probably become attached to the king—most likely by holding on to his Majesty's leg."

Bully was tickled by this little joke. He liked it because he knew his power. His eyes turned up with a blissful twinkle, his doggish face wrinkled in a playful manner, his mouth stretched. In fact, the bull-dog smiled.

The king burst out laughing. The whole court laughed too.

"Well done, old boy! You've got a fortune and a place at court!" said the jester, giving the dog a slap on the back in familiar approval. But the happy winner jumped up and turned round so quickly, that the jester was gone like a shot.

However, the king, having begun to laugh, remembered easily how to smile now, and all the court became merry, and the palace was put in order, and the clocks were wound, and everyone was brisk and bright, and everything went well.

Dot was given her pinafore full of gold. Bully, as the successful competitor, was offered lodgings at the palace, but he refused court honors, and quietly trotted home again to the cottage, taking care of his little mistress and all the money.

Dot's father was a happy man when he saw them and heard what had happened, and the bull-dog enjoyed himself far more over his supper of bones than if he had feasted at the palace. But, as the ballad says, "he never smiled again"—not because he could not do so, but because he was a dog that did just as he liked, and he thought that once was quite enough.

Since that time manners have changed: kings have given up wearing their crowns all day; and at present if the dogs see a joke, they don't smile at it.

THE CASE ALTERED. The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his twelve-year-old son to follow to the wood-shed, and when they had arrived there he began, "Now, sir, you have been fighting again. How many times have I told you it is disgraceful to fight?"

"Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or anything of the kind!" replied the boy.

"I can't help it. It is my duty to bring up my children properly. Take off your coat!"

"But the boy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!"

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What's that?"

"And he said you was an office-hunter."

"What! What loafer dared to make that assertion?"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a hireling."

"Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the citizen.

"Yes; and he said you was a political lick-spittle."

"Gracious! Wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy; "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less 'n two minutes. Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition!"

"My son," said the father, as he felt for half-a-dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy yourself two pounds of candy. It is wrong to fight; but we must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and you can put on your coat and run along."

He: "My views of bringing up a family are—" She: "Never mind your views, I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Steamboats are displacing gondolas in Venice.

A store in Kingston, N. Y., was robbed six nights in succession lately.

Fashion plates came in use during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

It is estimated that during last year, about a quarter of a million Jewish emigrants left Russia.

Earthenware bricks or tiles, with characters engraved or stamped upon them, were undoubtedly the first books.

A German paper states that 521,000 shells were discharged by their armies against the French fortresses in the war of 1870-71.

Robbing graves is the only crime, under Chinese law, for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by anyone finding him out

In China amongst the poorer classes, tea-leaves instead of being thrown away are carefully dried and used instead of straw to stuff pillows, cushions, and mattresses.

Bicycles are generally considered very modern inventions; but some of the Egyptian obelisks bear figures mounted on two-wheeled vehicles resembling the old velocipedes.

It is said that in ten years the city of Nashville lost $10,000,000 in various boom schemes and wild speculation ventures, and of this vast sum not 10 per cent. was spent at home.

Mummies are sometimes enveloped in one thousand yards of bandages. The face is often covered with thick gold leaf, and eyes of colored enamel are inserted to give a life-like appearance.

Fans came from the East during the Crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

Grasshoppers and locusts are very well provided with the necessary machinery for eating much and often. They have saw-like jaws and gizzards, too, the latter being fitted out with horny teeth.

An interesting test was recently made by a Frenchwoman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, she lived upon that alone for sixty days, and lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

There is a store in New York where a person may have a song set to music while he waits, for 50 cents or $1, the price depending on the time it takes for the lightning composer to satisfy the applicant.

Burglars who entered a Connecticut mansion the other night, not finding any silverware or jewelry, exhibited their dissatisfaction by smashing nearly all the door panels and the furniture and carpets.

Quack doctors have a harder time in New York than in any other city of the United States. The man who tries to practice medicine there without a license is in constant danger of detection and punishment.

Life insurance experts contend that a woman who is in good health at the age of forty-five is likely to outlive a man of the same age, because she is, as a rule, more temperate in habits, and is less liable to accidents.

The South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

In most Hindoo villages is a sacred pipal tree, among the leaves of which the gods are said to sit. To emphasize the truth of his statement, a native will solemnly grasp one of the leaves of this tree, invoking the gods as he does so.

Whalers nowadays kill all the sharks they can get, and find it extremely profitable. They are used to make a substitute for cod-liver oil. The natives of the North Pacific have also taken to shark catching. It pays them better than cocoanut produce.

Sounds are transmitted over water to a much greater distance than over land, because the smooth surface of the water offers less impediment to the passage of the air-vibrations. On calm days, the booming of artillery at sea has been heard 250 miles away.

One of the few countries in the world where American patents cannot be protected at present, says the New York Tribune, is Japan, and the clever people of the island may take unlimited advantage of Yankee genius. It will be different, however, when the treaties of 1899 go into effect.

Russia is supposed to be the land of male despotism, yet smoking cars are provided ladies on the railways of that country of Nihilists and ice. Russia also possesses an Order—the Order of St. Catherine—which is the first female decoration in Europe, and is exclusively reserved for sovereigns and princesses.

There are no electric lights or telephones in Constantinople, because the Sultan fears that by their introduction he will share the same fate as his predecessor, who was said to have committed suicide, but who was really killed because he wished to construct telegraph lines to which at that time the Turks were bitterly opposed.

ONLY.

BY W. H. M.

Only a lock of hair
Of golden hue,
Tied with lover's care
And ribbon blue.

Only a faded flower—
A crimson rose—
Memento of Love's hour,
Its joys and woes.

Only a portrait old—
A smiling face
Set in a locket gold,
And 'neath it "Grace."

Only a grass-grown grave—
A sculptured stone—
A maiden's last life-wave
For ever flown.

THE WAYS OF TRICKSTERS.

Hotel keepers are peculiarly liable to be swindled. So many people of all sorts are constantly coming and going in the season that it is next to impossible for the most careful man to be sure beforehand that his guests are all honest and straightforward.

Here is a specimen of one way in which the business is worked. The case was recently published as a warning to other hotel-keepers. Two well-dressed young fellows, apparently strangers to each other, were given rooms on the same floor of a certain hotel. A day or two later one of them said his trunk had been stolen, and made such an outcry that, to get rid of him, the unsuspecting landlord paid him the value of his trunk and its contents, amounting to something like $55. The young man left, and presently the other gentleman paid his bill and also took his departure. But in some way the defrauded landlord learned later that when gentleman number two left he took with him not only his own trunk, but the one for which number one had been paid, concealed inside it.

From a sea-side place there comes a tale of a bold attempt by a "foreign countess" to get the better of a hotel manager. Aware that hotel keepers are liable for the property of guests up to a certain amount, irrespective of "negligence," the countess, when her bill was presented to her, declared that she had been robbed of a valuable silver belt, worth more than the amount of the bill. But while the manager was dubiously discussing the point there stepped forward the head chambermaid and quietly said that he had heard that identical silver belt story twice previously. At both places she had happened to be serving as a housemaid. The countess quickly paid her bill and departed. The fact is that there would be much more of this sort of thing but for the constant "circulation" of hotel servants—usually a sharp class—among the great hotels.

One of the most extraordinary robberies recorded is one which was effected a short time ago at a hotel in the Rue Sophie Germain, Paris. One afternoon a well-dressed man and woman arrived at the hotel in question and took the best bedroom in the house for one night, paying for it in advance, and requesting the waiter to call them at 4 o'clock next morning. He did so, and they left at 5 o'clock. But when the chambermaid went to put the room in order she met with an astounding sight. The place was nearly bare, and, in fact, every movable article of furniture had disappeared. The visitors, with the aid of accomplices in the street, had managed to lower it all through the window without being perceived.

The death was recently recorded of a remarkable scamp, who must surely have been the champion hotel thief of the world. He rejoiced in the name of Colonel William Addison, and is estimated to have in his lifetime departed from 5000 hotels without at any time leaving any money behind him. His mode of operation was peculiar and ingenious. He had devised contrivances for carrying on his nefarious career in the shape of an Addison collapsible trunk and an Addison balloon hand bag.

The trunk appeared to be an expensive leather-covered affair of large size, which, when contracted, could be carried under the arm like an artist's portfolio, while the handbag could be diminished so as to go into a pocket. Selecting his hotel—usually a high-class one—the Colonel would fill his trunk with bricks and blow out his hand bag with straw and proceed to take up his quarters.

At the least indication of impatience on the part of the landlord for payment of his bill, the Colonel, announcing that he was going to the bank, would pack his trunk in his portfolio and put his bag in his pocket, and depart for good. In this way he had lived in luxury for many years, and, consistent to the end, he died in a hotel, and left no money behind him.

A dangerous kind of robbery has been taking place in Paris in several hotels. In one case the thief, who temporarily lived in the hotel, watched a traveler arriving, and by means of skeleton keys entered his room, got under the bed, and during the night chloroformed the victim and made off with his valuables. From another person he stole 10,000 francs and some jewelry. Both victims slept heavily for a long time after this villain had put his bottle under their noses.

CURED.—It is reported of a certain very exalted Princess that, on her first arrival at Berlin, she permitted at her court many little friendly liberties more consistent with good nature than with strict etiquette. On one occasion she even went so far as to walk across the court-yard of her palace, unattended, to pay a visit to one of her ladies in her own apartments. On this dire infraction of ceremony a certain old "high and well-born lady" took upon herself to remonstrate with the Royal and now Imperial lady, and to remind her of the rules of Prussian etiquette. "Do you wish me really to keep those rules strictly?" asked the frank Englishwoman. "Certainly, your Royal Highness," was the reply. "Then, madame, I beg to inform you that you must immediately rise from that arm-chair. It is absolutely prohibited to a person of your rank to be seated in my presence except on a tabouret." The lesson is said to have been effectual.

Grains of Gold.

Envy is the dividend of success.

Nothing is so trustworthy as love.

The smile that helps others has to begin in the heart.

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress that one can wear in society.

The man who makes a specialty of looking for flies in the ointment, finds plenty to do.

The man who thinks it right to steal, is a thief, no matter whether he robs anybody or not.

Be something that will warm aching hearts. Something that will cheer hopeless lives.

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not devote its leisure to blowing a horn.

Let your light shine in the home. Don't be turning it down all the time, as you do the gas.

The hypocrite holds up his head a little higher every time he sees a good man make a stumbling step.

A man of grumbling spirit may eat a very poor dinner from silver plate, while one with a grateful heart may feast upon a crust.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Don't try to see how much you can get, and how little you can do, but consider the day lost on which you have not done something to make somebody glad that you have lived.

Femininities.

The women agitators of Boston are described as "given to lankiness, slinkiness and an ironed-down-the-back expression."

"So old Brown is married at last?" "Yes; a furriner, I 'eard." "A foreigner? No, an English lady." "Oh, I 'eard as 'ow she was a Tartar."

When Mme. Rachel saw her stout sister dressed for the part of a shepherdess her comment was: 'Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on the flock." Sarah, for some reason, was offended.

The huge ruff was brought from Italy to France by Catherine de Medici. It became so wide that spoons with handles a foot long were provided for ladies at dinner, so they could get food to their mouths.

"There," said Miss Dashie, as she sealed a letter to her lover—"that ain't very bright; but it will do for him. Lovers are all alike. If you only write to them, they don't care a snap of the fingers what you say."

On July 28, 1890, Mrs. Charles Prickett dropped a bowl of butter in a well at Atlanta, Ala. Recently the well was cleaned out and the bowl found. In it the butter still remained intact and as pure as when put in the well.

Miss Abbie Gardner the only living survivor of the Sioux massacre at Okoboji, Iowa, in 1856, has secured from the Iowa Legislation an appropriation of $7000 for a monument to mark the spot, which will be dedicated next month.

"No," said the gilded youth of the lady to whom he is devoted; "she isn't such a remarkably charming girl. I don't care so much for her on that account. But there's the pleasure of knowing that I'm keeping her from six or seven other fellows who adore her. It's great!"

An Oregon paper records: "John B. Peak ran off with a Brenton county girl and married her, for which he was prosecuted in the circuit court at Corvallis; but the jury got sight of the pretty wife whom he got by the operation, and unanimously voted that they would have done it too."

The Empress of Russia recently sent a handsome tea service to a Mrs. Allen, of Harrowgate, Yorkshire, Eng., and a number of presents to her two children, who were born while the Empress, then Princess, had rooms in Mrs. Allen's house, two years ago. The Princess gave the names of Alix and Nicholas to the children.

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not had a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

When putting gloves on, always begin by buttoning the second button; then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise; never roll them.

"Yes," he said to his confidential friend, "I am engaged to her, and I suppose I ought to be very happy; but somehow I am worried about a former attachment of hers. There's that infernal Jones, who—" "Why, bless my soul, you stupid fellow," exclaimed the friend, "she hates him like poison!" "Yes, yes; I know," he said—"that's what troubles me. She hates him too bitterly not to have loved him once."

One of the pleasantest incidents of the French court stage occurred when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly kissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a lit tle operatic part in the theatre in the palace at St. Cloud. She demurely stepped forward and remarked that any one in the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire, and have his money returned to him at the door. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

A lady's hairdresser has been divulging secrets. The largest quantity of false hair comes from China and Japan. It is so plentiful that it only costs about $9 a pound for tresses of upwards of a yard in length. It is, however, rather coarse and hard. The highest price is gained by blonde hair, which fetches as much as twenty guineas a pound, and comes almost entirely from the Scandinavian Peninsula. Italy, the Black Forest and the country districts of Thuringia are also sources of constant supply.

The pioneer of reform in woman's dress, Mrs Amelia J. Bloomer recently died at the ripe age of seventy-seven. It is now forty five years ago since she advocated the wearing of Turkish trousers and a tailor made coat by women, but happily she did not see her ideal realized. She herself abandoned the "Bloomer" costume, because she was afraid she would only be remembered as the wearer of an odd dress. She wished to be remembered for her excellent lectures and her able writing on women's questions. But the world does not easily forget eccentricity, especially in women.

Masculinities.

The happiness of married life depends upon making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness.

A breach of promise suit brought by a lady of 70 against a gentleman of 81 is the theme of gossip in Martinette, Wis.

Governor Morton indulges in only two or three cigars a day, and these very mild ones. He is abstemious in the use of wine and not a very hearty eater.

The most thorough hypocrite in existence, it is now reported, is the young man who can successfully assume to love the younger brother of his sweetheart.

"There are only two important epochs in a woman's life," said the observant bachelor. "Name them," replied Miss Giddy. "Before she is married and after."

Beau Brummel, finding himself in pecuniary straits, at once admitted the necessity for retrenchment. "Ah, I see," he said. "I must reduce the rose-water in my bath."

H. C. Armstrong, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., is suffering from injuries sustained during a spell of somnambulism. He dreamed he was swimming and attempted to dive from his bed.

Aluminum neckties are now being introduced. They are really made of the cosmopolitan metal, and frosted or otherwise ornamented in various shapes imitating the ordinary silk or satin article.

A great physician gives it as his opinion that the brain is not injured by intemperate drinking, as is generally supposed; for, he adds, "a man given to intemperance in that way, cannot have any brains."

The Emperor of Germany recently remarked to an American who is on intimate terms with him that he is very anxious to visit the United States before he has reached an age that will make travel distasteful.

Joaquin Miller's grandfather was a soldier under William Henry Harrison; but his father was so much a man of peace that he lived for 70 years with the Indians and never fired a gun or used a harsh word, it is said.

The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well-known Englishman, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley.

Additions are frequently made to the recelebrations of wedding occasions. The following, so far as we know, is the latest revised and improved list: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin.

Ohio claims to have the tallest man in the National Guard in the United states. He is Lieutenant House, of the Fourteenth Ohio National Guard, and is stationed at Lancaster. In his stocking feet Lieutenant House is 6 feet 8 inches. His weight is 230 pounds. In Ohio the oft used expression, "as high as a house," means something.

A very amiable and extremely handsome young fellow was honored with a request to attend a fancy ball. He consulted a cousin of his as to his costume on the occasion. "Go as the Black Prince, dear Fountaine," said she; "you will look so lovely in armor." "Oh, hang it, Polly, though, I shouldn't like to black my face!" was the ingenuous reply.

Fannie: "Did you hear about that mistake Hattie Brown made last night?" Clara: "No. What is it?" Fannie: "She thought Mr. Vincent was her brother, whom she hasn't seen for a year, and she threw herself into his arms right before everybody." Clara: "What a trying situation for Mr. Vincent!" Fannie: "Yes, but he behaved like a man." Clara: "How?" Fannie: "He kissed her."

The next time Uriah Guitz, an Orange, N. J., man, undertakes to commit suicide he will make sure of the operation of one plan before trying another. Becoming tired of life he took a dose of morphine, and a few minutes went for his revolver with the intention of shooting himself. Before he could do this, however, the morphine began to act, and Guitz fell asleep, to awaken out of danger in a hospital.

A hen-pecked gentleman who is fond of dogs bought a couple of pups of rare breed while on a visit to York, and, not daring to take them home, left them with a dog fancier to train. On returning home one day, he found his wife, abetted by her mother, about to quit his house and apply for a divorce, on the basis of the following telegram from the dog fancier, which had come for him a few hours before—"The little darlings are doing well and looking lovely. Send money for their board."

A recent incident in one of the Cotton States illustrates the average Southerner's passion for politics. An old and experienced politician who had always attended every national convention since he was "so high, sah," when lately examined by an insurance agent was told by the physician that "with good luck and careful, temperate living" he might last "en years longer." The Southerner threw up his hands and, to give up the ghost and exclaimed, "Great Scott! Only two more Presidential elections!"

Latest Fashion Phases.

Garden parties are highly favored by the Parisians, and a dainty toilette fashioned for one of these was composed of rose muslin embroidered with little white silk flowers, and made over a foundation of rose silk. The skirt was edged by several ruffles of Valenciennes lace, with bouquets of artificial chrysanthemums. The corsage was in taffeta and plaited muslin, and the sleeves were terminated by a wreath of chrysanthemums.

These flower dresses, which at first seemed almost absurd, now hold the first place among garden party toilettes.

A gown in accordion plaited sky-blue muslin had the corsage adorned by a small garland of corn flowers, while the sleeves were composed of sky blue taffeta silk, and the skirt was encircled by three rows of corn flowers.

The "Idylle" hat in Italian straw was trimmed by a crown of corn flowers and long ends of black velvet which crossed under the hair and hung down the back.

An effective gown was in red satin, with the skirt of black tulle spangled with steel and sewn here and there with poppies; the corsage was in plaited tulle, the sleeves in red satin, and at the waist there was a large bouquet of poppies.

Gray linen is a most serviceable fabric and is very much liked. A blonde beauty made a very cool and pretty picture on one of the recent warm mornings in a gray lined gown. There was a perfectly plain but very full skirt. The waist fitted in the back and a white moire belt fastened it closely about the waist. A collar and cuffs of thin white lawn, a white sailor hat, and a white parasol completed as accessories what was truly a dainty and cool costume. Another linen gown that was very attractive, in fact very striking, was of black linen with a white muslin collar dotted and edged with black embroidery. The collar had a round cape effect at the back, a square effect in front, and pointed revers at the shoulder. The collar alone made the plain black linen gown extremely stylish for light morning.

The array of collarettes, vests and ribbons, the frilled laces with rosettes at either side, the fichus with scarf ends crossing in front, all help to enable one gown to masquerade as a multitude. Full skirts will remain in evidence through the summer, still behind and flaring at the bottom. Most of them are untrimmed, but a few have a Spanish flounce. Silk ruffs are always a pretty finish.

The bodices are really collections of trimming, and one rarely has a bodice that matches the skirt in color or texture. The much used and much abused shirt waist holds its place as prominently as ever, and is of the greatest service to all sorts and conditions of women. One of the latest fashions among the many fabrics used is pique in all shades, with either soft or stiff fronts. The most striking have pin dots of black, pink or pale green. These are pique with black, and made with stiff fronts. The enthusiasts of golf should pay heed to the soft, bright pique shirts of deep red, plain colored, or spotted, for they are the most attractive.

Alpaca and mohair, now that the traveling home is at its height, are becoming very popular. The stiffness of these materials seems to lend itself to carry out the flaring effect of the skirt, and they retain their freshness so well after the hard usage they receive during a journey, that they are held in high favor by well dressed women. Alpaca skirts are just now made up without lining, which is another thing in their favor. They are finished with a bias facing, half a yard deep, with an outer lining for the facing of grass cloth. The top of the facing is finished off with three rows of stitching.

A pretty garment seen recently is a blouse of pink barege with an empiecement of lace forming a berthe. The large pointed collar of cream batiste is accordion pleated and garnished by four rows of fancy pale green ribbon, with two small choux of wider ribbon on the shoulders. The neck of the bodice is cut square, slightly low, and edged with lace and one row of the narrow ribbon. The large bouffante sleeves terminate at the elbow. A belt of the fancy ribbon is finished in the front by a bow of two loops.

Another pretty bodice is made of mauve batiste and trimmed with choux of torquois-blue satin. The bodice is slightly full at the neck and waist, having a large pleated collar of white mousseline, with bretelles of turquois-blue satin, finished front and back by choux of satin ribbon. The bouffante puffed sleeves are finished plainly at the elbow. The waist is encircled by a narrow belt of satin, with a chou of satin on the left side of the front. A plain collar band of satin, with a large chou on either side, completes the bodice.

The third is a bodice of sapphire blue chine silk, draped with spotted net and embellished with maize-colored ribbons. The vest is plainly fitted and trimmed with rows of insertion reaching from the neck to the waist. The drapery of net is laid in a single box-pleat on the shoulder and a double box-pleat at the curve of the neck, forming a point which falls over the sleeve and reaches almost to the elbow. The back is made similar to the front. The gigot sleeves are closely fitted at the hand and adorned by a small back turning cuff and loops of the maize-colored ribbon. Vandykes of net fall over the full collar-band of maize colored ribbon, with out standing loops of the ribbon at the sides.

Another stylish blouse is fashioned of white dotted Swiss. It is fitted plainly across the bust, drooping slightly at the waist. Two rows of insertion extend horizontally on the waist, one defining a deep yoke, while the other is at a short distance below the collar-band. The back also has two horizontal rows of insertion to correspond with the front, and has a slight fullness at the waist only. The bouffante sleeves are trimmed with two rows of insertion on a line with those on the waist. Three large loops of white satin ribbon fall over the top of the sleeves front and back, giving the effect of epaulettes. The full collar-band of Swiss is adorned at the back by four outstanding loops of white ribbon. The plain ribbon belt has three loops of ribbon in the front.

A very pretty bodice is made of soft cream crepon, with a pleated yoke of cream chiffon and many rows of lace insertion over white satin. The fullness of the darts is laid in three small pleats on each side. A row of blue ribbon, with a large bow in front, finishes the yoke. The full collar-band and belt are also of blue ribbon. The sleeves are very large bouffantes, having the lower manches closely fitted and finished at the hand by a full cuff of ribbon, with a small fan at the outer seam.

The silk muslin blouses are charmingly allied with pique for stylish dresses at the villes d'eaux, and really beautiful results are obtained.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Such good, old fashioned decoctions as sage tea, catnip and herb brews have for years been proscribed for various ills and ailments to which flesh is heir, but palatable dishes of nourishing foods for the cure of coughs, colds and sore throats, as well as consumption, are now said to have acquired quite a vogue among a certain class of physicians. While not wholly new, they are at least a departure from present methods, and this is sufficient to recommend them to many people.

The first recipe is for those who are in delicate health caused by sore throat, and would not be despised by the most fastidious of hungry people, albeit the name is a trifle against its popularity.

Mucilaginous Broth.—Take a young fowl, cut it into small portions and wash thoroughly. Put these into a saucepan containing three quarts of water and add three pounds of very lean, white veal, also two turnips, a carrot and a head of celery chopped finely. Boil all together and skim constantly as the scum arises. After the albumen contained in the meat has been thus carefully removed with the skimmer, add two ounces of prepared Ceylon moss and mix thoroughly. Boil slowly for an hour and a quarter, then strain through a cloth into an earthen vessel. Keep in a cool place until wanted. This broth is both nutritious and cooling to the system, as well as beneficial for all that diseases.

Broth for Pectoral Troubles.—Boil in three quarts of water a young fowl, well cut up; add a little salt and skim well. Wash thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley and one ounce of marsh-mallow roots, well shredded the better to extract the healing qualities, and continue boiling for one hour. This remedy has been thoroughly tested and is highly regarded for its efficaciousness.

For convalescents beef tea affords wonderful nourishment if properly prepared, and the proper method is as easy as any other if these instructions be followed.

Court Plaster.—This plaster is merely a kind of varnished silk, and its manufacture is very easy. Bruise a sufficient quantity of isinglass, and let it soak in a little warm water for twenty-four hours; expose it to heat over the fire till the greater part of the water is dissipated, and supply its place by proof spirits of wine, which will combine with the isinglass. Strain the whole through a piece of open linen, taking care that the consistence of the mixture shall be such that, when cool, it may form a trembling jelly. Extend a piece of black or flesh-colored silk on a wooden frame, and fix it in that position by means of tacks or twine. Then apply the isinglass (after it has been rendered liquid by a gentle heat) to the silk with a brush of fine hair (badgers' is the best). As soon as the first coating is dried, which will be long, apply a second; and afterward, if the article is to be very superior, a third. When the whole is dry, cover it with two or three coatings of the balsam of Peru. This is the genuine court plaster. It is pliable, and never breaks, which is far from being the case with spurious articles sold under that name.

The Doctor's Healing Paper.—Make a strong tincture of capsicum-pods by steeping them for several days, in a warm place, in twice their weight of rectified spirits of wine. Dissolve gum-arabic in water to about the consistency of molasses. Add to this an equal quantity of the tincture, stirring it together with a small brush or a large camel's-hair pencil, until they are well incorporated. The mixture will be cloudy and opaque. Take sheets of silk or tissue-paper; give them with the brush a coat of the mixture; let them dry, and then give another; let that dry, and, if the surface is shining, there is enough of the peppered gum; if not, give a third coat. This paper, applied in the same way as court plaster to chilblains that are not broken, and burns that are not blistered, speedily relieves the itching and the pain. It acts like a charm, and effects a rapid cure. The same with cuts and discolored bruises. It likewise allays rheumatic pains in the joints. Its great value is that, besides acting as ordinary sticking-plaster, it abates suffering and hastens the process of healing.

Nervousness.—This unhealthy state of system depends upon general debility. It is often inherited from birth, and as often brought on by excess of sedentary occupation, over-strained employment of the brain, mental emotion, dissipation, and excess. The nerves consist of a structure of fibres or cords passing through the entire body, branching off from, and having a connection with each other, and finally centres on the brain. They are the organs of feeding and sensation of every kind, and through them the mine operates upon the body. It is obvious therefore that what is termed the "nervous system" has an important part in the bodily functions; and upon them not only much of the health but happiness depends. Treatment: The cure of nervous complaints lies rather in moral than in medical treatment. For, although much good may be effected by tonics, such as bark, quinine, etc., there is far more benefit to be derived from attention to diet and regimen. In such cases, solid food should preponderate over liquid, and the indulgence in warm and relaxing fluids should be especially avoided; plain and nourishing meat, as beef or mutton, a steak or chop, together with a half a pint of bitter ale or stout, forming the best dinner. Cocoa is preferable to tea; vegetables should be but sparingly eaten. Sedentary pursuits should be cast aside as much as possible, but where they are compulsory, every spare moment should be devoted to out-door employment, and brisk exercise. Early bedtime and early rising will prove beneficial, and the use of the cold shower bath is excellent. Gymnastic exercises, fencing, horse-riding, rowing, dancing, and other pursuits which call forth the energies, serve also to brace and invigorate the nervous system. It will also be as well to mingle with society; frequent public assemblies and amusements, and thus dispel that morbid desire for seclusion and quietude which, if indulged in to excess, renders a person unfitted for intercourse with mankind, and materially interferes with advancement in life.

Be Economical.—Look carefully to your expenditures. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thelves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon take cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Carbolic Plaster.—Carbolic glycerine, thirty-four parts by weight; prepared chalk, ninety-four parts. Mix well by kneading, and enclose in closely-stoppered jars.

Irritating Plaster.—Boil together one pound tar, half an ounce burgundy pitch, one ounce white pine turpentine, and two ounces rosin. Finely powder one ounce each mandrake root, blood root, poke root, and Indian turnip. Stir these into the melted tar, etc., before it cools. This plaster spread on muslin and renewed daily, will raise a sore, which is to be wiped with a dry cloth, to remove matter, etc. The sore must not be wetted. This is a powerful counter-irritant, for removing internal pains, and in other cases where an irritating plaster is necessary.

Orange Jelly.—Put the rind of two deep-colored oranges, the peel of two lemons, two ounces of isinglass, and a large lump of sugar into a quart of water; let them boil until the isinglass is well dissolved, then strain them through a silk sieve, and add the juice of ten oranges and two lemons; when mixed, strain it through a napkin, put it in moulds, and set them in ice, or in a cold place. Oranges may also be iced in quarters and look very well. Cut a hole about the size of a quarter with a sharp knife in the top of the orange, take out the pulp without breaking the peel, and use the juice for the jelly; put the peels in water to make them firm, then drain them, fill them with the jelly, and set them in some ice; when you send them to table, cut them in quarters. They make a pretty dish, or look well in a basket.

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TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

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None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The table of contents presented in the August number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" contains: "Do Boys go to Sea?" "The Cheaper City"—New York or London; "Our Belongings—the Father;" "A Chat with Sir Frederick Leighton;" "A Reassuring Word About Cancer;" "Women and Business Life;" "A Bargeman's Village;" "New Applique Work;" "Chit-Chat on Dress," besides a generous supply of fiction. Nearly every article is illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for August contains among other articles: "Professional Institutions, Orator and Poet, Actor and Dramatist," by Herbert Spencer; "Art and Eyesight," (Illustrated;) "The Physical Element in Education," "Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires," (Illustrated;) "The Motive for Scientific Research," "Pleasures of the Telescope," "Argon—The New Constituent of the Air" and "The Nervous System, and its Relation to Education." Published at New York.

The attractions of the Midsummer Holiday "Century" are three beautiful wood-engravings by Cole, after celebrated pictures by Rubens; a fully illustrated description by Philo N. McGiffin, of the battle of the Yulu River between the Japanese and Chinese fleets, a comment on this memorable engagement by the distinguished naval critic Captain A. T. Mahan, entitled "Lessons from the Yulu fight" and a paper by Nordau, author of "Degeneration," on the criticism of that book. "Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire," contains beautiful portraits of Catherine Sedgwick and Fanny Kemble, and many other drawings and portraits. There are several poems and the usual readable departments. The Century Co., New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for September contains a complete novel from the pen of Francis Lynde entitled "A Case in Equity." Short articles in the number are "Morning Mists," by Julian Gordon; and "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost." Charles Stuart Pratt relates the history of "Napoleon and the Regent Diamond," which was of importance to the conqueror and to the fate of Europe in more ways than one.

French-reading Americans, and in fact, all persons who take an interest in literary and artistic movements in Europe and America, will welcome with pleasure the illustrated new magazine, printed entirely in French, yet designed especially for Americans La Revue Franco-Americane, under the direction of Prince Poniatowski. The third number bearing date August is out, and in matter and pictures more than maintains the promise of its predecessors. Published at New York.

"Betsey Jane on Wheels" is a book of sketches describing how the bicycle affected a village family. It is quite readable, though the comic incidents are exaggerated. Plenty of pictures enliven the pages. Published by the W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago

ABOUT SALVAGE.

SEAFARERS are wont to regard the law of salvage as a kind of lottery, in which prizes do not predominate; for salvors frequently find that the courts do not value the services rendered so highly as might reasonably be expected, and the reward falls considerably short of the most moderate estimate.

On the other hand, the owners of ship and cargo, and the under-writers thereof, are perhaps not less often of opinion that the sum awarded is on a far too liberal scale. Should a ship become disabled from any cause whatever when remote from the land, it does not necessarily follow that the master of a passing vessel will be eager to deviate from his course in order to assist the stranger into the nearest port.

The delay is of indefinite period; there is always a risk of collision between the two ships while manœuvring to effect a connection; and the weather may require the sorry salvors to abandon the task, even after they have spent much time and put forth every effort known to sterling seamen. Moreover, the value of the salved property may perchance prove to be less than the expense incurred in bringing it into port.

Not every bill of lading grants permission to tow and assist vessels in distress, and the ship master has to consider carefully what effect such a venture would have upon the insurance policy. When in doubt, he will probably make an offer to take off the crew from the crippled craft, and abandon her to drift as a derelict, perhaps for many a month.

An agreement arrived at between the two masters with respect to the compensation for salvage services may be, and sometimes is, set aside by a court, on the assumption that a contract entered into by the master of a ship in extremity is not binding, unless, indeed, it be of a reasonable nature. Needless to say the legal view of the reasonableness of a salvage agreement is not always precisely similar to that of a shipmaster who undertakes the risk of salvage. The Admiralty Court is influenced in its awards by several circumstances, such as the labor undergone by the salvors, the skill displayed, the value of the property salved, and the property used in the salvage, the risks to which the salvors were subject, the duration of the services, and the danger to which the property on either side was exposed.

Where ordinary services end, and salvage operations commence, is occasionally not easy to determine. An eminent jurist has defined salvage services as those afforded in imminent peril and danger to ships and cargoes in distress, and by which these are extricated and relieved from the peril and danger, and brought to a place of safety.

This definition leaves a wide margin for disputes, and in cases before the courts, very contradictory assertions are made by witnesses desirous of magnifying, or depreciating, the importance of services rendered. Hence many inconsistencies have to be inquired into and reconciled.

Under certain sections of the Merchant Shipping Act, it is enacted that where services are rendered by any person in saving the lives of people belonging to any ship or boat, the owners of such vessel, cargo, or wreck shall pay a reasonable salvage amount in addition to all expenses properly incurred, salvage for preservation of life to take priority over all other claims. If, however, the vessel founder from which the lives were saved, there is nothing to recover remuneration from. Moreover, the law of life-salvage is applicable only to British ships, or to foreign vessels in British jurisdiction.

The Board of Trade are empowered to remunerate life-salvors where neither ship nor cargo can be attached by reason of total loss; and foreign Governments are not slow to relieve British shipowners of expenses incurred in saving life from their ships. One of the most remarkable cases of life-salvage on record is that carried out by Captain H. Murril, the officers, and crew of the Atlantic Transport Line Steamship Missouri.

A Danish steamer, the Denmark, broke down on the 4th of April 1889, when eight hundred miles from Newfoundland. Next day, the Missouri took her in tow; but the Denmark could no longer keep afloat, and her passengers and crew, amounting to more than eight hundred souls were transferred to the British steamer.

The Missouri had accommodation for twenty passengers, so that part of her cargo was cast into the sea to make room for the shipwrecked people. She then steamed to the Azores, landed one-half of her living freight, and proceeded to Philadelphia with the remainder. Captain Murrill was made much of on both sides of the North Atlantic for this unprecedented life-salvage, and the Danish Government made good all expenses.

An example of recent salvage services will not be out of place here. Last January, the owners of the British steamer Exeter City brought an action in the District Court at New York to recover compensation for services rendered to an American schooner, the Agnes Manning, which the steamer picked up in March, 1893, about four hundred miles from New York, and brought safely to port after a critical towage extending over six days. The schooner had a full cargo of coal, was derelict, and leaked badly. The appraised value of the vessel and cargo was nearly $30,000, and the expenses actually incurred by the owners of the Exeter City amounted to nearly $1000.

Judge Benedict held that a salvage award should be sufficiently liberal to induce masters of vessels to carry out such meritorious work; and the salvors urged that their compensation should be greater than usual on the ground that awards were too small to induce vessels to incur the risk of towing an abandoned vessel into port, and consequently the United States Government had been compelled to send warships to sea for the purpose of destroying these obstructions in the way of passing vessels. The salvors were awarded fifty per centum of the value of the property salved, first deducting the $1000 expended by the owners of the steamer which was to be paid to them directly.

ORIGIN OF THE PALETOT.—Count d'Orsay, while reigning as king of fashion in London, was overtaken by a smart shower one day while on his return from a race.

He was mounted in the saddle and accompanied by his groom, but the groom had neglected to take the overcoat which he generally carried for his master's use in cases of emergency. The force of the shower increased, and our monarch of the fashion seemed likely to catch a severe cold.

Close by a wayside inn he espied a sailor habited in a broad, long jacket of coarse blue cloth, enveloping him comfortably from his chin to the middle of his legs.

"Ho, my friend," hailed the Count, "will you go into this inn and drink my health until the shower is over?"

"With pleasure," returned the sailor, touching his hat respectfully.

"Well, then, take off your jacket and sell it to me. You will not want it while you are in the house, and you can buy another when the storm is passed."

"Willingly."

The sailor threw off his long jacket, for which the Count gave him ten guineas, and, having put it on over his frock coat, D'Orsay remounted just as the rain ceased falling, and spurred on for London.

The sun had burst from behind the clouds, and it was the hour for promenading in Hyde Park, when Count d'Orsay made his appearance with the sailor's loose jacket, worn as an overcoat.

"By George, isn't that original?" cried one.

"Charming!" was the exclamation of another.

"How airy and graceful!" echoed a host. The dandies were smitten, and within a week all the fashionable young men had similar over-garments. And such was the origin of the paletot.

HOW HE GOT USED TO IT.—Somewhere in our neighborhood lives a farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to take the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll take it after awhile, but I don't like to break right off at once, it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, when you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as he returned home drunk next day, he fell into a shallow well, and after a great of useless scrambling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come up and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing or you might have been drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold!"

And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occuring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here!" he screamed, in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing it on purpose—I know you are."

"Well, now I am," responded his wife tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you right up of a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow couldn't help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would take the pledge on that instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to take the pledge, wet as he was.

"For you see," she added very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the well again, I'll leave you there—I will."

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 251. Delray, Mich.

FROM reports received from Southwestern Missouri thousands of bushels of peaches will be lost because they cannot be marketed to advantage under present transportation facilities. Some attempt has made to convert these great quantities of fruit into brandies, etc., but in spite of this the loss will be heavy.

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Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or bilious attack.

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PROMOTE DIGESTION, REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, PURIFY THE BLOOD, and are a POSITIVE CURE for CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

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Humorous.

AN OLD STORY.

I told my love unto the dew
That vanished in the air;
I told it to a little bird
That warbles everywhere.

At eve I told it to a rose,
And said: "The secret keep."
Quoth she: "Beware and have a care;
I whisper in my sleep."

An adept grown I told my love
To her whom I adore;
She smiled and said: "It must be so;
I've heard it thrice before."

Fretwork—Vexation of spirit.

Kites are not made of fly paper.

Even in the dogdays cats have their nights.

Sound money—The organ grinder's earnings.

To remove stains from the character—Get rich.

It takes a clergyman to tie a true lover's knot.

Any hotel waiter can raise the deuce by throwing down the tray.

"I wouldn't give a snap for a leg like yours," said the boardyard cur to the slim dude who passed him by.

A writer on school-discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart."

Customer, warmly: "Do you know where you will go when you die?" Ice-man, languidly: "I don't care. I handle coal, too."

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged 4 and 2, were. She replied, "They are sitting on the doorstep talking over old times."

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a sentinel?—The one keeps the hours by the watch, and the other the watch by the hour.

Pawson: "I hear that your grandfather was hanged, Chump. Is it true?" Chump, reflectively: "Well—er—I don't remember him ever saying anything about it."

A country carpenter, nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverses," observed a passenger.

Friend, being shown through the house: "Do you find that the use of a gas stove increases your gas bills much?" Mrs. Housekeeper: "Not a bit! The company doesn't know we have it."

There is a man in the West who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

Little Dick: I don't believe I'll be a sailor when I'm growed up, after all.

Little Dot: Why not?

Little Dick: I talked to an old man to-day who has been a sailor for 50 years and never been shipwrecked on a desert island once.

"Mr. Johnsing, what is dem apparatuses you is playing?" asked the tambo. "Bones," explained the man on the other end.

It was with great difficulty the eminent Chicago detective in the audience was dissuaded from making the arrest then and there.

Householder: James, didn't I tell you to sprinkle the lawn to-day?

James: No, sir; you said "James, you may sprinkle the lawn to-day," and there are so many things you tell me I may do, I thought it wrong always to take advantage of your kindness; but, sir, I am just as much obliged to you as though I had done it.

During a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rail, an axe handle, a knife and a shot gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand saw and a dog. The jury decided that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.

"I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of your n?"

"Sold him."

"What did you sell him for?"

"Why, he moved so slow at the last of it, that I got prosecuted half-a-dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street. The policeman at one time sighted him by a building five minutes, and couldn't see him move."

In a civil act on on money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer.

Next question was:

"Now, be careful. Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel, "I thought we should get at it at last. When did that happen?"

"After I paid all I owed," was the answer.

HOW MERIT IS REWARDED IN THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.—Kassim Pasha, when Minister of War for Egypt, was very particular with regard to the personal appearance of his officers, and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaved in public. One day he met in the street a lieutenant who had "bearded" the Pasha and disregarded his order.

"To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant Minister.

"To the ——Regiment at Abassueh," responded the frightened lieutenant.

"Get into my carriage at once, so that I can carry you to the encampment, and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed.

The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the Pasha stopped his carriage and entered a shop for a few moments, to make some trifling purchase. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall, and minus his beard regained his post before the return of his gaoler. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands and seemed the picture of apprehension. Abassueh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief.

"Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate Pasha, when there stepped before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's, and a look of the most supreme innocence. His excellency gave one look of blank astonishment, and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said—

"Here, gentlemen, your old Minister is a fool, and your young lieutenant is a captain!"

THE SILVER LINING.—She was a bright, light-hearted little woman, and when her husband failed in business, and they had to give up their pretty house and go to boarding, she tried to make the best of it. For hours after receiving the sad news she sought some compensation for poverty, and all of a sudden gave a chuckle of delight. "Oh, it isn't so bad being poor, after all," she laughed. Her husband looked at her inquiringly. "Why?" asked he, grimly. "Because," announced the little woman, confident that she had chanced upon a word of the silver lining to the dark cloud—"because we won't have any servants to bother about."

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And Enrich
Your Blood
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8.30, 10.05 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.7 Dining car 2.38, 3.48, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car, 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.48, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10 45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.30, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4 30, 6 30 p m. $1.00 Excursion tr in, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7 30, 8.00, 8 3., 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4 45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m $1 00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City depot; week-days, express, Mondays only, 6 45, 7.00, 7 45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.35, 5 35, 7 30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.2 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.46 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.45, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8. 0, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m 5.05 p m $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave, 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

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is SAPOLIO

=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=

COMMON SOAP *fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.*